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The Position of History, by George Macaulay Trevelyan, on page 777

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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An Exacting Art

FOR the hundredth time we are moved to wonder what it is that inclines so many persons to reviewing. Is it mere desire for self-expression? Is it the ability to turn a facile phrase or force a glittering paradox? Is it hot convictions or passionately held prejudices? Is it an egotistical urge to speak out in meeting? Or is it a belief that criticism is easy, requires no special equipment, and is, if not lucrative, at least respectable and, today, respected? All editorial offices know how frequent is the literary aspirant whose whole preparation for the work of passing judgment on the writings of others is a course or two in English at college, a general interest in books, and a large faith in his ability to "handle anything." He is the reviewer who will write around the Einstein theory with the same complacence that he will avoid giving away the point in a detective story and tackle a history of the crusades with as much self-confidence as the chronicle of a motor trip across the Sahara. And he is, curiously enough, the man who is sometimes of considerable value to journalism if not to criticism. For he serves for the paper that is professedly writing for the masses much as do the lay critics whom we understand the Hollywood authorities call in to sit in judgment on the scenarios of highly paid writers,—he is the index to public taste and the exponent of it. But surely he is not the critic.

For criticism is an art of exacting sort. It demands first and foremost an intellectual honesty that never allows feeling to warp reason and that recognizes knowledge as the touchstone of judgment. It implies that queer paradox of the mind that to be open must be shut—shut to prejudice, shut to the clamor of propagandists and slanderers, shut to the insistence of faddists and denunciators. It requires taste, and sympathy, and understanding, and an immense and constant interest in the present as well as a wide acquaintance with the past. It demands the ability not only to analyze but to interpret, not only to expound but to exhilarate. It presupposes a decent respect to the established sanctions and an attitude of watchful waiting towards the experimental. It is zealous, and jealous, and catholic all at the same time.

Criticism that is worth its salt results not from reading but from thinking. And by thinking we would not be understood to mean merely a deliberate effort at rationcination directed toward the interpretation of the volume in hand, but a long habit of reflection that weaves life and literature into relation and that affords a basis for understanding and judgment. The best criticism should have the masculine quality of virility, the feminine trait of intuition. For it must be robust if it is not to be betrayed by externals of sentiment and style, and it must have insight if it is to find more than surface values. What happens when really constructive criticism is written is that a book has acted as an explosive to a long-laid train of thought. All that the critic has felt and divined about life and living, all the standards he has established through loving study of "the best that has been thought and said in the world," becomes the background against which he projects and the means through which he evaluates the volume he is criticizing. The richer the personality of the critic, and the greater his stores of knowledge, the more revealing will be his comment, the more understanding his appraisal of the author's intention and achievement.

The primary object of all writing about books, we take it, is to give them currency. For the best book in the world is worth nothing at all if it never finds a reader. Merely to analyze a book is for the critic to fulfil but a portion of his task. Properly to present it he must distil its spirit as well as display its parts. A difficult undertaking, indeed, and one that demands high abilities, not a mere smattering of knowledge and an ardor to write.

Only, It Happens

By LEE WILSON DODD

COME, come, my pen, what shall we satirize?
Whom shall we try to hate, or whom despise?
Distilling secret venom from the spleen,
Let us spray poison on the tender, green
Young shoots now pushing up from this old clod
Called Earth, and wither the wild flowers of God.
Let no new thing escape us, let us be
The sworn foes of contemporaneity:
Such is our function, so our critics say—
And who are we, my pen, to say them nay!
Dip, then, and poise for action, sneer and scratch,
And emulate the frumious Bandersnatch. . . .

Only, it happens that to-day
I walked along a lonely beach
Beneath a sky, nor blue, nor gray,
And heard the sea-gulls grind and screech
Like ungreased wheels, and watched two crabs
Fight over carrion, with thin claws
High-lifted, threatening cruel dabs,
Dismembering nips . . . and just because
I found the sea-gulls beautiful
When they were silent and at rest,
And the small crabs, when came a lull
In conflict, thought the loveliest
Corroded coinage of the sea,—
Somehow, my pen, I'd rather we
Refrained, and let the age drift by,
Too faint a cloud to stain the sky.

This Week

"The Woman of Andros."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"An Autobiography of America."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Australia Felix."
Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL.

"Ella."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

Hermione on Humanism.
By DON MARQUIS.

"Produce of Scotland."
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Art in America."
Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER.

Next Week, or Later

Can the League Enforce Its Will?
By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

Defoe and the Blessed Mary*

By ARTHUR COLTON

DEFOE lived some seventy years, from the debatable date of 1660 to 1731, but his six novels and the notable fiction called "The Journal of the Plague" were the fruit of five elderly years: "Robinson Crusoe" in 1719, "Memoirs of a Cavalier" and "Captain Singleton" in 1720, "Moll Flanders," "The Journal of the Plague," and "Colonel Jack" in 1722, "Roxana" in 1724. His bibliography is formidable, thirty-five pages of small print in M. Dottin's "Life." The bulk of the titles refer to pamphlets, such as to-day would be articles in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, but the output is still extraordinary, and authorship was only part of his incredible activity. Mr. Dottin remarks that up to Anne's accession in 1702, he was a business man with political interests, through her reign to 1715 a politician with business interests, and under the first George principally a novelist. It is only a rough classification. At all or various times he was a merchant, importer, manufacturer, and speculator; a political pamphleteer and a government agent; something of a Puritan, something of a sport, and always a propagandist; a journalist and editor, a compiler and historian; finally a biographer and a novelist. Rash, pugnacious, and then scared not without reason, he was twice in prison, once on the pillory, once bankrupt, and frequently hiding from arrest. He liked the excitement of politics too well to attend properly to the routine of business. He made a good deal of money, was usually in difficulties, and his family was sometimes in want.

♣ ♣ ♣

It was a perilous time for a fighting journalist, with a dynasty in doubt, and treason possible in either direction. But he was hardly an innocent victim. He gave his enemies sufficient provocation, and even the unprejudiced some reasons for suspecting his good faith. "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," which sent him to the pillory, was a brochure whose irony was so subdued that most people thought it meant what it seemed to say. It got him violently becursed by both parties. A passionate Whig threatened him with the gallows and a furious Tory with assassination. The intention was like Swift's proposals to whitewash Westminister Abbey and to use Irish babies for food, but Defoe's mask of gravity was too thick. A popular pamphleteer to a literal-minded public must not be too subterraneanly sarcastic. The London crowd thought the punishment tyrannical, and surrounded his penal platform with cheers and bouquets. He was never more popular than on the pillory.

But the popularity faded. He became, and remained for some years, a secret agent and quasi-spy in the pay of Robert Harley, the Earl of Oxford. A non-conformist Whig pamphleteer, in the pay of a moderate Tory ministry, under a Parliament that was mainly Anglican High Church, was in an equivocal position. It was not an unnatural inference that his pen was more venal than principled. Unfavorable opinion was not confined to his personal enemies or political opponents.

"I have suffered deeply for cleaving to my principles," he wrote. "The immediate causes of my sufferings have been the being betrayed by those I trusted and scorning to betray those who trusted me.

* LIFE AND STRANGE AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF DANIEL DEFOE. By PAUL DOTTIN. Translated by LOUISE RAGAN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929.

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And now I live under universal contempt, which contempt I have learned to contemn, and have an uninterrupted joy in my soul—I have always kept cheerful, easy, and quiet; enjoying perfect calm of mind." The evidence makes all these assertions rather more than doubtful. "If any man ask me," he continued, "how I have arrived at this peace of mind, I answer him, in short, by a constant serious application to the great, solemn, and weighty work of resignation to the will of heaven." Two days after expressing this sentiment of Christian resignation he sent to Harley a collection of clippings from articles by Richard Steele, who had never said a word against him, urging that Steele be prosecuted for high treason; and pushed the matter until he succeeded in having Steele expelled from the House of Commons. One can understand why many suspected him of underhand dealings and showed a kind of blind fury when his name was mentioned. Steele was the most amiable of men, but Defoe was more ingenious than ingenuous. If he had not been secretly protected by the ministers who employed him, he would have had still more occasion for resignation to the will of heaven.

But it is as easy to admire Defoe as to dislike him. The eager spirit that drew him away from the routine of business into the whirl of politics, the energy and tenacity that enabled him to come up fighting after every defeat, the insatiable hunger for knowledge, the incessant industry, are not only likable but inspiring. Broken and disgraced, he managed to pull himself back to recognition. Finally in his old age he won his place among the immortals. His last three years were somewhat mysterious. His property was considerable, but some creditor seems to have threatened, and his fears were excessive. He left his house and family at Stoke Newington, hid himself somewhere in the neighborhood of Newgate, and died in St. Giles Cripplegate, where he was born.

It is hardly accurate of Mr. Dottin to speak of him as "rising from the lowest ranks." His father was a London shopkeeper, a tallow chandler, more or less prosperous, and his mother the daughter of a

ples of the public schools, were secondary at Stoke Newington to modern languages, history, and the natural sciences. "The practice of short hand, experiments in physics and astronomy, and the study of geographical maps took up a great part of the time." Morton stirred his pupils to debate, and Defoe learned there to speak on his feet extempore. Almost his last writings were three treatises on education: "A New Family Instructor," "Of Royal Education," and "The Complete English Gentleman."

* * *

Defoe's writings are all in the same manner of the matter-of-fact Englishman; he walked into fiction without altering his gait, much as Richardson did when he moved on from writing letters for actual servant girls to writing them for invented persons. Roxana the demi-mondaine, Moll Flanders the shoplifter and prostitute, Singleton the pirate, Crusoe on his lonely island—they all have minds that run on business lines. They even have the shopkeeper's habit of inventory, they like to take stock of possessions. In whatever various ways they may go astray, they have a middle class, nonconformist conscience in the background. The apparition of Mrs. Veal is as mundane as a pamphleteer. The events may be dramatic and powerfully described, but the characters are not dramatic. The situations may be extraordinary, but the reactions are invariably normal. The humanity is all essentially Defoe. "Suppose I were a prostitute or a castaway, a pirate or a ghost, how did I probably become so? What would be likely or plausible to happen to me, and how would a reasonable person like me think, feel, and act in the circumstances?"

Defoe's novels are indistinguishable, moreover, in their form from his biographies, except that the conditions of fiction allowed him to substitute the first person for the third. That gives "Colonel Jack" a certain advantage over "Jack Shepherd" and "Jonathan Wild." If Defoe was the father of the realistic novel, the realistic novel sprang from biography or autobiography. He assumed that the imaginative belief in fiction is the same, that it demands the same background and method, as the narrative of veritable facts. He was singular in the depth to which he sunk himself in whatever hypothesis, fiction, or mask he assumed. The trait which in "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702) confused both friends and enemies, was the trait that gave "Robinson Crusoe" its peculiar "kick," and made "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal" (1706) the model of a sober, accurate, and well-documented Report.

Defoe's fictional method was not, however, a theory. It was rooted in his habit of mind and customary procedure. He did not set out to invent the realistic novel. He wrote fictional autobiographies, and made the mask as thick as he could. His genius, if that is a separable function, is not in question here—the inventiveness and the imagination that enabled him to see invented things in a flood of attendant detail. The point is the way that genius went to work, and the assumption that belief in imagined facts requires the same outfit and guidance as belief in actual facts, ascertained and stated.

Every work of the so-called "imitative" arts, nevertheless, starts with a set of conventions. A painting is a perfectly flat surface, but perspective assumes it is not. There are only three walls to a stage drawing room, but the play assumes there are four; the audience exists in a sort of fourth dimension, a mystically real presence, in some way both there and not there. So long as the convention is accepted it is lightly carried. The conventions at the entrance of any printed book stand in serried rows, but the imagination does not balk at their extent or number. Under the spell of fiction its faith, hope, and charity are amazing. It will fling itself on the air with the wind under its wings. Props and crutches may hamper rather than encourage it. At any rate the art of narrative does not as a rule attempt to prove what an assumption will successfully carry. You begin: "Mrs. Brown came down the steps of 123 East Street in a flutter of anxiety"—"Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess named Rosamund"—"Denis de Beaulieu was not yet two-and-twenty"—and are accepted at face value. The advantage of telling a story in the first person is fixity of standpoint, a certain automatic unity, not that it induces any more implicit belief.

values in mind and leading their readers to feel novelistically about them. M. Maurois has stated his method and theory to that, at least inferential, effect. Another reversal is in respect to a trait already described. Defoe puts all his romance into his environment. The characters are, on the surface at least, ordinary, average, and familiar to his readers, very much like himself and themselves. The situation of being a prostitute, a castaway, an expirate in Madagascar, a ghost, a wanderer in plague-stricken London, that city of death—was not to them ordinary, average, or familiar. But the realists of the last century were apt to reverse the combination. The environment was usually familiar or domestic, the characters personally distinct if not odd. The field which twentieth century romance, of the more substantial kind, has been exploiting, is the psychological. Its adventures are into the subconscious. It seems to be the only field left. "Je conanois tout, fors que moy mesmes." Since the boreal pole and the Antarctic at the other end have both lost their mystery, since America spells commerce, and Africa is no longer dark, nor Asia any longer an opiate dream of Kubla Khan, where can wonder find its nourishing thrills, its unknown seas and moonlit perils, except in that

> Dark tarn of Auber,
> The mystic mid region of Weir?

The only haunted spot now is the cellarage of the soul, which is being ruthlessly threatened with electric lighting.

Your complete romanticist will have both character and situation "of a concatenation according," and runs the risk of but a vaporish consistency. Your complete realist will have plain people walking their usual days of small incident, and he undeniably tends to be dull. There is virtue in combination. My own preference in that way would lean toward Defoe's; toward some romance in the situation, something not too close to the daily round and procession of inconsequential hours; toward realism, some objective realism at that, in the characters. Situation seems to absorb romance better than does character. In respect to a preference for a modicum of visible objectivity, I seem to find the dim wilderness of the subliminal self, as a field of romance, lacking the gusto of the greenwood, the ancient city, and the plumed wars. The stream of consciousness has not the azure and assuring sparkle of the Gulf Stream. The details of Crusoe's struggle seem to me to have more intriguing romance and more substantial reality in them than the details of a conflict between several subconscious instincts; which is too much like a trench battle between front lines of abstractions with an artillery of theory behind each laying down a barage. The spell of fiction begins with visibility first, and then motion.

Finally, I prefer the biographical novel, on the whole, to the novelistic biography. Fiction of the Defoe model may clutter the stage with unnecessary furniture, but biography of the Maurois model is a primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. Both of them make the assumption that fictional and biographical belief are the same species of faith, which I take to be a fallacy. Some modern writers, with material in their hands for a quite worth while biography, decide to make a novel of it, either preferring the novelistic kind of belief, or supposing the two kinds are the same, or calculating that it will sell better. The preference is a matter of taste, the supposition mistaken, the calculation possibly correct. The probable and usual outcome is that the novel has spoiled the biography (hung it in the air instead of planting it on the ground), and the biographical material has clogged the novel, weighted it in the wrong places, and led it down alleys that do not serve its progression and goal.

* * *

Mrs. Virginia Woolf pronounces Roxana and Moll Flanders "among the few English novels which we can call indisputably great." George Borrow's old applewoman of London Bridge drew from the life of "the blessed Mary Flanders" the consolations of a nun from her Book of Hours. How "blessed," and why "indisputably great?" The applewoman said she only read "the funny parts; all about taking things and the manner it was done," and that hardly explains "blessed." Lavengro told her it was a good book with a deep moral, not written to prove there
[illegible] thieving, but rather to show the
[illegible]nces of crime. Her only son was
[illegible]ief, like the "blessed Mary," who
[illegible]e a safe and happy end. That comes nearer to her probable psychology. The present generation finds charms where the Victorian era was repelled, but the charms of disordered morality are not acceptable bases for the applewoman's peculiar piety or Mrs. Woolf's literary opinion. Mrs. Woolf points to Defoe's realism, to his knowledge and veracity. She seems to mean that greatness lies in a candid gaze on reality. "He belongs to the school of the great plain writers, the school of Crabbe and Gissing"; he is "its founder and master—There is dignity in everything that is looked at openly." Defoe knew the facts of trade and travel, of the half-world and the underworld, and set them down without exaggeration or much mitigation. He knew the seamy side of things as well as their embroidery. He had been poor, and proud, and shamed. He lived a year and a half with the derelicts of Newgate prison.

Roxana and Moll Flanders are, in fact, not types of the demi-mondaine, or criminal, or semi-criminal. They are ordinary women, whose instincts are no better or worse than others. The dominant instinct, if any, is a liking for comfort and some money in the bank. But whether or not the criminal is a type is a dispute of criminologists, and whether or not Defoe had observed that the people inside Newgate were just like the people outside, does not so greatly matter. He put nearly the same psychology into all his characters.

I suspect that the final fascination of Crusoe and Moll Flanders—their greatness if it is there, their consolation and their ultimate thrill—lies beyond the romance and the realism, beyond their values in singular adventure and the familiar plainness of their humanity. It lies in their granitic endurance. It is far from being the whole thing, but it is the ultimate thing. Crusoe is elemental, like Odysseus. They are both men of endless expedients, much enduring, weather beaten, monolithic. They are not complex. They are simple and solid. When I read Gorki's reminiscences it struck me that his old grandmother had something monolithic about her, the indestructible rock bottom of human worth. Moll Flanders is not as visible as Crusoe in his shaggy hat, but she has the same [illegible] tenacity. The waves of life had gone over the [illegible] plewoman, but they go over "the

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blessed Mary" in yet deeper torrents, and she comes up through the surges unshaken. Whatever happens, one can live through it, and go on. Defoe put himself into his characters, and this thing was also in him. He could live through and go on.

I suspect the applewoman called "Moll Flanders" "blessed book" because it lifted and consoled her, and that this is the ultimate source of Mrs. Woolf's sense of greatness there. Here is the plainest kind of ordinary, sinful, mistaken humanity, and it is unbeatable. I suspect that is what Defoe means by his title: "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders, who was born in Newgate, and during a Life of continued Variety, for Threescore Years, beside her Childhood, was Twelve Years a Whore, Five Times a Wife (whereof once to her own Brother), Twelve Years a Thief, Eight Years a Transported Felon in Virginia, at last grew rich, liv'd Honest, and died a penitent." The "deep moral" is hardly as Lavengro thought, the terrible consequences of crime; any more than the moral of Crusoe is, as Crusoe thought, the error of leaving one's parents and running away to sea. If you draw back from interest in the details of adventure, and look at Crusoe and Moll Flanders for some totality and essential, it is this indomitable something, this solid consistency, that stands out. Crusoe is utterly stripped and alone. He has nothing but himself. He takes control of that self, and comes through. Moll Flanders outlives everything. Blunders, crimes, disasters, she outlives them all, and lives them down. Whatever else she may be, she is never cowed and spiritless. She remains to the end, herself. If not a "dep moral," it is at least a thrill. I suspect that the point here is an old story; that it is what Aristotle meant when he was talking of tragedy. If a French critic of the seventeenth century were asked what it is that gives the sense of greatness, he answered, "the heroic." We do not get it now from the thews of Goliath, but we may get it from the steady eye of young David. If we do not get it from rhythmical, high-souled queens, stately and foredoomed, we may get it from Moll Flanders. Whenever it catches us, we get the lift and the thrill. The sense of greatness is the sense of the possibility of greatness in our small human selves. That is where the lift comes in. But in order to be greatly enduring there must be great things to endure. That is where the romance, or at least the unusual, comes in, or is apt to come in. And in order to lift it must come near enough to us to catch hold. That is where the realism comes in. The "deep moral," if it is a moral, is that no one loses his soul who is still captain of it; to lose hope without losing grip, is to win out; it is a victory for your kind. Or if Defoe did not mean this, any more than Borrow, it is what he accomplished. He took the buskins off heroism, and stood it on its bare feet.

Says the *Manchester Guardian:*

"Is Mr. Sexton, who is reported to have addressed the House of Commons in definitely doggerel verse the other night, the first 'poet' to give the House a taste of his own wares? The last House of Commons poet, a better versifier than Mr. Sexton, was Sir Wilfrid Lawson, but although his rhymes were freely quoted in the Lobby, one does not remember that he introduced them into his speeches; nor did Macaulay interlard any of his operations with those pretty effusions of the 'Judicious Poet' with which he amused his family.

"Of more serious poets, Andrew Marvell seldom addressed the House of which he was a member. Prior wrote a good deal of verse after entering Parliament, but did not quote it any more than did his more politically distinguished collaborator in 'The City Mouse and the Country Mouse,' Charles Montagu, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Waller was a distinguished poet and a distinguished member of Parliament, but he, too, seems to have kept the functions separate. Indeed, one of the greatest of members of Parliament, Charles Fox, laid down a condition as to quotation which would have been fatal to Mr. Sexton's little excursion:—'No Greek; as much Latin as you like; and never French under any circumstances. No English poet unless he had completed his century.'"

Historic old Newstead Abbey, famous as the ancestral home of Lord Byron, has been purchased by Sir Julian Cahn for presentation to the British Nation unconditionally. Newstead Abbey is older even than the Byron family. It was a priory when the founder of the line, Sir John Byron entered into possession in 1540. The poet was not born there, but was taken to Newstead by his mother at the age of ten.

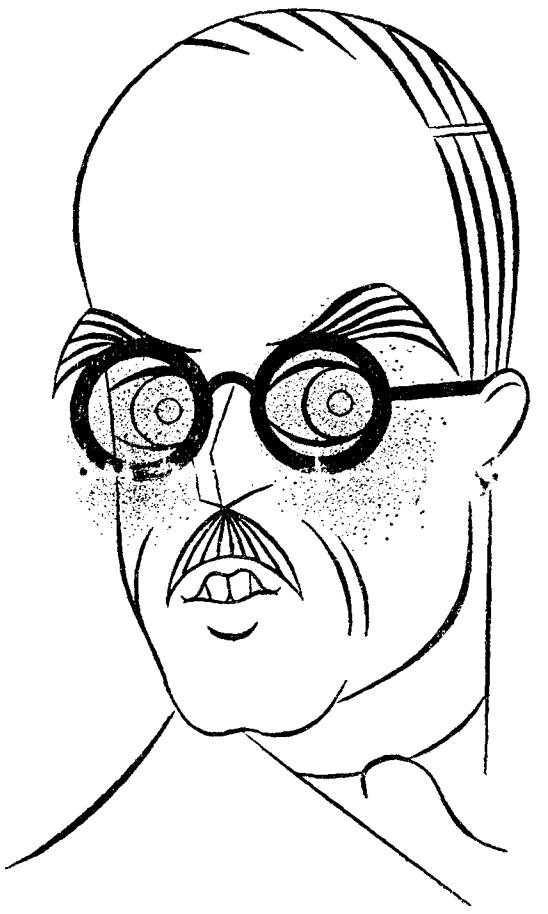
"Praise All Living"

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS. By THORNTON WILDER. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. WILDER has somewhere said that all his books have been studies of how men and women meet their fates. And indeed his new novel, "The Woman of Andros," has for theme the first dawn of Christian pity "for the unfit and broken," born while the Holy Land was still "preparing its precious burden," yet already a philosophy which could teach the Greek intellect of Chrysis the beautiful hetaira, to "praise all living, the bright and the dark," and lift Pamphilus who betrayed and then lost her sister, from his uncertainties, and make that sister, Glycerium, in her suffering and death to be a prototype of the meek and lowly lambs of God who were to become for ages the subjects of Christian thought and charity.

There is more significance in this theme than is usually the case in a novel, which, after all, is neither sermon nor philosophy but a creation of human life in action. It is not, however, the theme which calls for praise, however much it may fix attention; nor the characters of this simple, poignant narrative of love irradiating, burning through, transcending the petty life of an island where only the tradition of the home is lovely. The characters of this Greek story,



THORNTON WILDER
From a cartoon by Eva Hermann in "On Parade" (Coward-McCann).

like the characters of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" are literary, and generalized like figures of Greek sculpture. They are true and significant, but no more realistic than Socrates in the "Dialogues" and more reminiscent of familiar types.

It is the ideas and the situations that burn in "The Woman of Andros." No sooner is Mr. Wilder's plot, taken from Terence, under way: the two fathers disputing over the ways of Pamphilus who is drawn toward the banquet of the hetaira where young men's minds are inflamed by beauty and noble thoughts, when he should be safely married with a dower—than the interest shifts from the familiar story of wayward youth to the mind of Chrysis who had made herself dead within so that her philosophy might suit her too intimate profession, and now feels shoots of tenderness uncontrollable for Pamphilus who unhappily longs for a new kind of love that the Greek conventions of commonsense do not make possible. And no sooner is his idyll with the young sister of Chrysis, Glycerium, complete in the fruits of a stolen love than the interest shifts to the young man's struggle between this new pity for an out-caste, love against reason, and the stiff family code which is his morality. Chrysis and Pamphilus endure the great typical misfortunes of humans capable of tragedy—thwarted love, loss, betrayal, frustration, and conflict between duty and desire when doubt clothes both—and it is what they say and feel that makes the story.

Perhaps I have made clear that unless by choice of theme there is nothing novel either in character, idea, or exposition in Mr. Wilder's story. Neither was there in "The Bridge," the happy idea of the bridge itself excepted.. There was more novelty of character and background in "The Cabala" than in either. It is not novelty, I think, nor the rendering of personalities, that will ever distinguish Thornton Wilder's work. His task is more related to the quality of these classic authors with whose genius he is happily familiar, where complete and perfect expression was more to be praised than the savor of reality, or the echo of contemporary voices. It is the workmanship of "The Woman of Andros" which must arouse admiration, not as preciosity or display, for there is not one self-conscious word or superfluous phrase in the book, but because with a skill and a patience and an understanding of the lofty ideas in a beautiful setting with which he deals, Wilder has been willing to carry his writing over those leagues beyond impressionism which our journalist-novelists have never tried to follow, the pain of labor, or the haste of composition, being too great. And if "The Woman of Andros," reminds me of Plato and of Theocritus as I know them in English, it is because the book rests upon old wisdom and is finished with that sincerity of art which these great predecessors knew not how to escape. From the first sentences—

> The earth sighed as it turned in its course; the shadow of night crept gradually along the Mediterranean, and Asia was left in darkness. The great cliff that was one day to be called Gibraltar held for a long time a gleam of red and orange, while across from it the mountains of Atlas showed deep blue pockets in their shining sides. The caves that surround the Neapolitan gulf fell into a profounder shade, each giving forth from the darkness its chiming or its booming sound. Triumph had passed from Greece and wisdom from Egypt, but with the coming on of night they seemed to regain their lost honors, and the land that was soon to be called Holy prepared in the dark its wonderful burden. The sea was large enough to hold a varied weather: a storm played about Sicily and its smoking mountains, but at the mouth of the Nile the water lay like a wet pavement. A fair tripping breeze ruffled the Aegean and all the islands of Greece felt a new freshness at the close of day.

to the last

> On the sea the helmsman suffered the downpour, and o the high pastures the shepherd turned and drew his cloa closer about him. In the hills the long-dried stream-beds began to fill again and the noise of water falling from level to level, warring with the stones in the way, filled the gorges. But behind the thick beds of clouds the moon soared radiantly bright, shining upon Italy and its smoking mountains. And in the East the stars shone tranquilly down upon the land that was soon to be called Holy and that even then was preparing its precious burden.

the articulation of style to thought is as of the curves of a sculpture to its ultimate harmony. There are the fables of Chrysis, especially that very beautiful one of the hero sent home by Zeus for a day, who saw that the living, too, are dead except when they love. And there are phrases that one reads more than once for their wisdom as well as their beauty—

> Now when her courage was being undermined by her pain she dared not ask herself if she had lived and if she were dying, unloved, in disorder, without meaning. From time to time she peered into her mind to ascertain what her beliefs were in regard to a life after death, its judgments or its felicities; but the most exhausting of all our adventures is that journey down the long corridors of the mind to the last halls where belief is enthroned.

> It seemed to him that the whole world did not consist of rocks and trees and water nor were human beings garments and flesh, but all burned, like the hillside of olive trees, with the perpetual flames of love,—a sad love that was half hope, often rebuked and waiting to be reassured of its truth. But why then a love so defeated, as though it were waiting for a voice to come from the skies, declaring that therein lay the secret of the world. The moonlight is intermittent and veiled, and it was under such a light that they lived; but his heart suddenly declared to him that a sun would rise and before that sun the timidity and the hesitation would disappear.

Many wondered at the great popular success of "The Bridge of San Louis Rey" not realizing that the time was overripe for writing that availed itself of the adequacies of the great English tradition to shapes of beauty and ideas of pity and nobility. We had already learned all that naturalism could tell us in art; but a *jeu d'esprit* in pure literature, and yet fiction, yet "readable" was necessary to teach the populace what they craved. This new book also is—not reactionary, no vital book is ever reactionary—but recurrent to ideas and a mode of expression almost forgot in the rush of contemporary literature. Even its theme is in the strongest opposition to the "hard-

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boiled," the cynical, or the ironical of the day, since it exalts a Christian pity and a Christian hope.

"The Woman of Andros" is not of "epic" proportions either in length or in theme, it is not even tragic in magnitude, and invites no comparison either with the great Greek dramas it so often cites, or the powerful reconstructions of modern life into which some of our best literary energy is going. It is the quiet, perfectly finished meditation of a scholar in literature, bookish, philosophic, slight in narrative, and yet touched with a fire of beauty, and raised by a fine imagination into an understanding that is more than esthetic and intellectual. It is less varied and less picturesque than "The Bridge," but less of a *tour de force* and more nearly an authentic rendering of first-hand emotion. It will not be so popular, but it will be as much approved. Best of all, to the critic, its success, though in a modest kind, is nevertheless proof that scholarship and care for style and thought and the refinement of emotion are once again to have value in our recently slapdash though so vigorous American literature.

Mr. Wilder and Mr. Hemingway seem to be the bell wethers of the oncoming generation. They are more alike than they seem. Each has powerful sentiment under the restraint of his form. Each stands mightily for an intense perfection of expression. Hemingway has only one utterance—of the vernacular—and shapes that with an eloquent simplicity which seems to be the voice of yesterday but actually has some of the accent of all times it it. He is a journalist trying to make art out of intensity. Wilder is a scholar and a moralist in whose ears literature is always murmuring. He knows, like Milton, the tender stops of various quills, and is aware of the impermanence of Hemingway's reality, but his own life experience blends insensibly with his reading, and it is only by the utmost refinement of his skill that he can make his prose ring with the overtones of his own imagination.

Picturesque Cape Cod

CAPE COD, ITS PEOPLE AND THEIR HISTORY. By H. C. KITTREDGE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by GERALD CHITTENDEN

MR. KITTREDGE knows his people, and his people are hard to know. Indeed, it is doubtful if anyone save a son of the soil could have written about the inhabitants of the peninsula with so adequate an understanding of their quality as this book exhibits. No effort is made to prove that the Cape Codder is one of nature's noblemen, nor is there any compromise with the visitors' tendency to regard him as a picturesque, though unfortunately not costumed, member of a peasant chorus in a light opera. The citified lust for the picturesque has devitalized many admirable communities, and seems to operate with peculiar force between the Canal and Provincetown. Naturally, the "natives"—the word suggests G strings and boomerangs—capitalize their quaintness while the summer folks are running. No one can blame them for that, for the blubber on this new breed of fish is both thicker and richer than it ever was on whales. Underneath this seasonal flood of aliens, nevertheless, the Cape Codder's life goes on much as it has always done, with a certain gallantry about it that asks no favors, with no great prosperity, and with a dry detachment that, even in these days, detonates in ironic epigram. Picturesque, indeed, he is, for picturesqueness is the lengthening shadow of effort.

It is with this effort that Mr. Kittredge deals. Events are important chiefly because they have developed a tribal character and a social solution. The people of the Cape have always been marooned, geographically and politically; their interests touched those of the rest of Massachusetts only when they touched them on the high seas. In consequence of this isolation, the life of the region has acquired a bouquet equalled in few parts of this country, as well as an individuality which has been nationally valuable in the past and which may be so again.

The author brings this past to life. The first eight chapters concern themselves with the impact of historical events, the remaining seven with the occupations by which the people lived, and with the objectives, religious, political, and social, at which they aimed. The whole is carried along by a concise and pleasing style that smoulders with humor and enjoyment of the subject. The Cape and this book about the Cape both smack of salt and sand.

A History of American Life

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AMERICA. Edited by MARK VAN DOREN. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

A GOOD many students of American history must occasionally wonder if they do not enjoy an advantage over he ordinary student of American literature. The latter is wont to confine himself to more or less pure literature, to writings of at least a partially esthetic character. The historical student will not only read these for personal pleasure and profit, but for professional purposes will read a great body of other American writings, political documents, memoirs, letters, polemics, pamphlets, travels, squibs, journalism, which make little or no claim to being literature in the accepted sense. The whole broad zone where American literature merges into the literature of American life and history is his. He will know not only his Whittier, Emerson, Melville, and the rest, but the letters of Rufus King, the essays of Fisher Ames, the speeches of John Randolph, the pamphlets of James H. Hammond. He will have read not only Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett," but his "Eldorado," a book of travel which is probably worth two of the novel. The traits of provincialism and crude strength which jar upon the less adventurous literary student will attract and delight the historical student.

Particularly will the devotee of history congratulate himself upon this supposed advantage as he ranges over the shelves devoted to personal narratives of all kinds. There is an immense wealth of these in fields related to our history, and many are surprisingly little known to any but specialists. Diaries like Winthrop's, Sewell's, Bentley's, Joshua Hemstead's, Gouverneur Morris's, the two Adamses', Samuel Curwen's, Madame Knight's, Boudinot's, Maclay's, to name but a few of the earlier, alone offer a rich provenance. Memoirs and autobiographies are richer still, and there has been something strangely capricious in the popular attention to a few and neglect of most. It is unfair that while Franklin's autobiography is universally known, Greeley's, so full of the characteristics of old Ben himself, is forgotten; that Barnum's should be resuscitated in various editions, but that of his equally amusing and agile neighbor, Peter Parley, left untouched; that Josiah Quincy should be revived, but not Elkanah Watson; that such a document as Peter Cartwright's autobiography is seldom noticed. One wonedrs sometimes how many Americans have followed Roosevelt in reading the memoirs of Light-Horse Harry Lee and Tarleton together, or know the wealth of entertainment to be found in Bull Run Russell's American diary of Civil War days or Wilkinson's narrative of a blockade runner, or ever read Charles A. Dana's recollections. There is an equal caprice in the treatment of travels; few know that Frémont's reports on his exploring expeditions are more valuable than Parkman's "Oregon Trail" and almost as well written, or know that there exist two such works by a Western freighter and a cattleman as Mapors's "Seventy Years on the Frontier" and Cook's "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier."

* * *

In this compilation by Mr. Van Doren we have a praiseworthy effort to knit together from many original narratives a more or less connected history of American life, at least in some of its most significant phases, from the landing of John Smith to the twentieth century. It is high commendation to say that the work is as well done as it could be. Of course Mr. Van Doren knows that the real autobiography of America fills a library; that any real reflection of the endlessly eventful and multicolored panorama of American life through more than three centuries on our continental stage is impossible in seven hundred pages, or, for that matter, seven thousand. He has, as he says, tried to find men and women in important times and places who have described their experiences in such a way that an interesting and continuous history would emerge when their tales were fitted together. Of these selections he has given us seventy-four, beginning with John Smith and William Bradford, and ending with Brand Whitlock and Jack London. Few really outstanding aspects of the American record are slighted, though there is no politics, or almost none, and strangely little of fighting and war. The most important omission is the total lack of any record of industrialism, such as the autobiographies of Carnegie or John Fritz or Rockefeller might have supplied. But the colonial scene, the Revolution, the generation of the fathers, the opening of the West, the old South, the Civil War era, the post-bellum South, and the later nineteenth century, are all represented.

* * *

Mr. Van Doren's seventy-four selections are an excellent directory of some of the most interesting and illuminating of original documents by Americans who felt impelled to record their experiences for a large public. At some points the limitations of space was painfully evident. The average length of each selection is less than ten pages. It is impossible to cut ten pages from the narratives of Franklin or Graydon or F. L. Olmstead or Henry Adams without leaving raw edges; it is impossible to cover colonial history in any satisfactory way in ninety pages, or the history of the whole country since 1870 in about 120 pages. One feels at times that it might have been better to leave out the colonial period altogether, and to offer a record only of our national life. But if the comprehensive scope of the book involves giving the reader mere snippets here and there, and leaping rather dizzily from one high point to another, it has its compensations. One of them is that the volume should not only entertain and instruct a good many people in itself, but should stimulate some of them to find and read entire volumes here indicated. In fact, for many readers that should be its highest utility. There are innumerable reading Americans who simply do not know of the existence of such delightful works as the memoirs of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, the travels of John Bernard, the autobiography of Levi Coffin of underground railroad fame, W. T. Sherman's description of California in the 'forties, Lew Wallace's narrative of his adventures in the Mexican War, and Frederick Douglass's autobiography. In this kind of reading one title leads to another.

As Mr. Van Doren says, he has compiled *an* autobiography of America; other men, using a list of books largely different, might easily compile others. It is useless to debate the value of this or that selection, or to suggest substitutions. A more intelligent, stimulating, and uniformly readable set of excerpts could certainly not be found. Once or twice the reader may protest at the selection, or objection may be lodged against Mr. Van Doren's liberties with his sources. He has condensed a number of them without asterisks or other indication of the fact. But even this objection does not weigh greatly against the high merits of the volume. It was a happy idea, and by and large it has been happily executed.

* * *

One consummation devoutly to be wished is that a number of the volumes used by Mr. Van Doren, and a number also which he has not used, might be made available to the general public in not too expensive reprints. We have had in recent years reprints, for example, of the autobiographies of David Crockett, of P. T. Barnum, and of Captain John Smith; we have had reprints of Crèvecoeur, of Maclay, and of Olmsted. It is fairly easy to pick up the memoirs of Mrs. Grant of Laggan second-hand. But this is not true of Peter Cartwright's autobiography, of Graydon's fascinating "Memoirs of a Life Chiefly Passed in Pennsylvania," or of Josiah Gregg's classic "Commerce of the Prairies." The difficulty is that publishers feel doubtful of the popular demand for a reprint of such books. But if their fascinations and value were properly advertised, by those who have it in their power to do so—by teachers, lecturers, writers of history, reviewers, and the like—an adequate demand might easily be created.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Prelude to "Ultima Thule"

AUSTRALIA FELIX. By HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

UNDER the title "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," this novel was published in the United States in 1917. The edition was small and the public, war-bewildered, was unimpressed. But now, with the title "Australia Felix," the first volume in the magnificent Mahony trilogy is sure to get at least a fraction of the attention it deserves. Those readers who had the fortitude to bear the pity and terror evoked by the tragedy of Mahony's last years as recorded in "Ultima Thule" will turn eagerly to this beginning. In April of this year the second part of the trilogy will be reissued; it will be called "The Way Home." Then, with the complete history of Richard Mahony before us, we can at last estimate its place in English fiction. We expect that discriminating readers will place it on a level with, if not higher than, Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles; nor are we unreasonable in suggesting that it may be considered the soundest accomplishment of English fiction in the twentieth century. Just now, however, our proper business is the discussion of "Australia Felix."

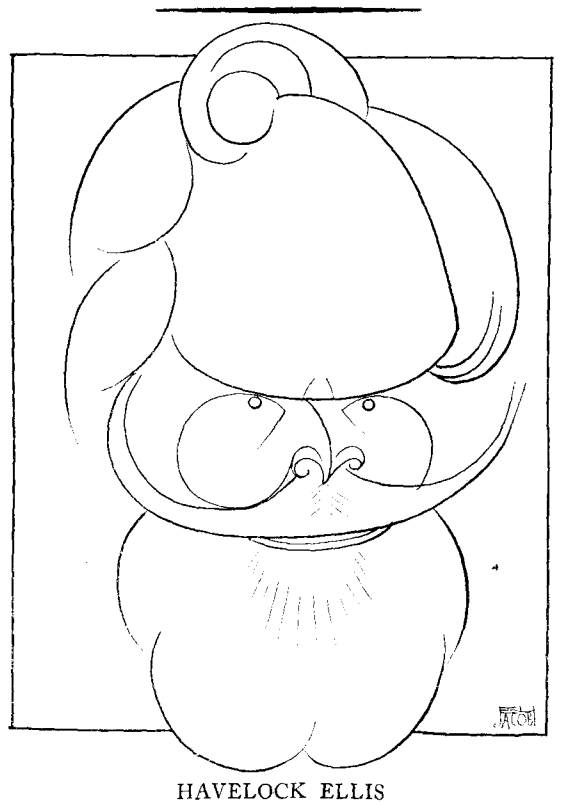
When we first see Richard Mahony, he is a storekeeper on the Ballarat gold-fields, a young man of twenty-eight, not long since come from his home in Ireland and his medical training in a Scotch University. The seductive promises of easy money and a free life in happy Australia had torn him away from the normal course of his life. Here in Australia he was impecunious and restless, disillusioned and alone. As the pages of the novel pass, we see his marriage, the death of his first child, his tantalizing desire to go back to England and take up his profession, and his final reconciliation to the idea of putting up his shingle in Ballarat, even though he found this community unbearably crude and materialistic. Strangely enough, he prospered for a time and was faintly happy; but then, after a few years, ill-health and growing restlessness made him give up his assured position in the community and leave for England, to him, in prospect, a haven of refuge from colonial coarseness and the Australian climate. Throughout the novel his wife, Mary, is a character hardly less important than Mahony himself; she is patient, plucky, good-humored, capable, altogether the figure of a truly admirable woman. And surrounding these two are a large number of relatives, friends and hangers-on, each one of whom is sharply individualized and fully spread before us. This whole body of minor characters has a cohesiveness, a completeness, that in retrospect is astonishingly effective.

Of course our interest is centered on Richard and Mary. Knowing their final fate in "Ultima Thule," we do not meet them in "Australia Felix" as strangers. Rather, we look at every turn for the traits and tricks of character already familiar to us. Nor are we disappointed. Richard is absolutely convincing here in the early years of his manhood, for we see his unsteadiness, his egotism, his weakness in their beginnings. The Richard Mahony of "Australia Felix" is in every particular the Richard Mahony of "Ultima Thule"—fifteen years younger, less far along the road to catastrophe. And Mary—here she is explained; for her character in "Ultima Thule" was not wholly satisfactory, a minor figure at first, and then at the end the mainspring of the action. But having seen her here (and in "The Way Home"), we sense her proper stature. Altogether, Richard and Mary are superbly conceived in this novel, and they are impeccably unfolded in relation to the following novels of the trilogy. No reader of "Ultima Thule" need fear that he will find the early years of the Mahonys an anti-climax.

The Australia that lies near Melbourne and Ballarat is the scene of "Australia Felix," and the 'fifties and 'sixties of the nineteenth century is the time. Much more than in "Ultima Thule" and in "The Way Home," the background of the novel is of importance. The frantic life of the gold-prospectors, the makeshift manners and morals of the frontier, the gradual emergence of an organized society—these are powerful elements of the scene against which the early acts of the Mahonys' tragedy are played. This careful background shows us that the three novels are a chronicle of early Australian colonial life as well as a history of Richard and Mary Mahony; and by so much they take on an added importance.

If we consider "Australia Felix" as an isolated novel, it suffers in like degree with "Ultima Thule" from the fact that it is not supposed to stand quite firmly on its own legs. "Ultima Thule" had no beginning; "Australia Felix" has no ending. It leaves Richard and Mary at the start of their ninety-day voyage to England; neither their characters nor their actions reach a proper conclusion. The novel is like the first act of a good play: events have taken place, but their significance is not yet visible; characters have been laid bare, but implicit difficulties and stresses have been neither solved nor relieved. However, in spite of this essential and necessary incompleteness, "Australia Felix" can be read by itself with a good deal of satisfaction. There are no loose ends, except the one great, central loose end of character. Things in general have come to a pause, a lull. The novel could not have been more conclusive without endangering the much more valuable effectiveness of the trilogy as a whole.

Possibly, for the benefit of those who have not yet read "Ultima Thule," it should be noted here that Henry Handel Richardson's novels are not for the reader who wishes to escape from sadness and despair. Rather, this Englishwoman writes for the stout-hearted who would grasp the nettle vigorously, looking neither for uplift nor for consolation. In her work we find justification for the belief that high tragedy is still achievable by writers of this age.



HAVELOCK ELLIS
A Cartoon by Jacobi.
(*See page 775*)

In the Deeping Tradition

EXILE. By WARWICK DEEPING. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

MR. WARWICK DEEPING has published four novels in the last four years, beginning with "Sorrell and Son" and ending with "Exile." His success has been great and increasing; he has the honor of being a best seller in his own country; he has every right to plume himself a little. His publisher has every right to quote him in a kind of colophon as making the sort of statement that is usually left to the bright impermanence of the jacket: "I believe in the large simplicities, in the human urges at the back of all of us. I believe in love, courage, and compassion." And Mr. Knopf is no doubt right in the deduction that follows: "Herein, perhaps, may be found the secret of Mr. Deeping's success."

"Exile," at all events, is full of these qualities, even self-consciously so. They are displayed to the greatest advantage by the background, an imaginary town on the Italian coast, one of those resorts where only the expatriate Anglo-Saxons are vile. Upon this foil is set Billy Brown, a healthy, capable young Englishwoman. The place tries to cast its spell over her, but one is no more afraid that she will really surrender to it than that Sansfoy will overcome the Red Cross Knight. In the end love, courage, and compassion triumph.

That is of course not the whole story. Mr. Deeping's gifts are great and well-known, and that "Exile" is better written than the run of novels goes without saying. But in this book the author has cut himself off from the full exercise of some of his powers. The Anglo-Italian degenerates are not the sort of characters he has drawn elsewhere so well and affectionately; and the tenderness for his creatures which was so appealing a quality in "Sorrell and Son" would be wasted on "Miss Capability Brown"—a girl who, with her cold baths and competence, makes one understand the people who exiled Aristides because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just." "Sorrel and Son," Mr. Deeping's first successful book, remains his best.

The Picture of a Woman

ELLA. By ELISABETH WILKINS THOMAS. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a novel that is a picture rather than a story. It consists of seventeen brief passages, hardly to be called incidents, in the life of a woman. Some are important, some trivial; they seem much like the random collection of memories the mind brings up when allowed to wander unchecked. The book suffers from want of design, unquestionably, yet the sum of the scenes makes the reader acquainted with Ella's life, and with Ella. It is uneventful, spent chiefly in schools and colleges, as student and teacher. There are no great tragedies or triumphs, no violent passions of any kind.

There is however an atmosphere of keen emotion, and an indefinable quality that one must call charm. It is impossible to explain, but perhaps it comes from the character of the heroine and her view of life. Ella has one conquering quality, she is always herself. She is not obtrusively individualistic; she has no need to be; she speaks only once of what she calls "my me-ness"; but she always gives the impression of being the same, uninfluenced by any passing force, integral of life. Ella offers an interesting contrast to Megan, in Miss Margery Latimer's "This Is My Body": Megan is always fighting and agonizing, wounding herself and her friends, to be herself and to get at reality; Ella, by some gift of the gods, quite naturally attains both.

For Ella is never stayed by the world of surfaces. To compare small things with great, she has in her degree the gift of seventeenth-century religious writers, "to see the world in a grain of sand, and eternity in an hour." Sometimes this gift is unmistakably exercised, as when as a child she dreams over a fancy-work match-box in the shape of a boat, until the ridiculous toy becomes a type and focus of all the ships that ever were; but more often it is present only as an undercurrent that makes her serene emotions deeper, her tranquil life richer. This is truest of the opening chapter: the passages in which she is still a child are full of the pellucid, magnifying light of Mr. De la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget." As she grows older, that fades, in some measure, into the light of common day; but enough is left to give the book an extraordinary appeal for sympathetic readers. "Ella" will probably not be widely popular, but will win great admiration from its own predestined public.

Life on a Farm

DOWN IN THE VALLEY. By H. W. FREEMAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930.

THIS is a simple and idyllically beautiful story of a prosperous English business man, whose parents had "made a gentleman" of him, who was drawn, by little and little, to the farming life his grandparents had given up, fell in love with a rustic lass, and at last settled down in good earnest as a farmer.

The charm is in the telling. Mr. Freeman describes the annual cycle of life on a small farm, without any Arcadianizing or hiding of weariness and bad luck, without any fine writing about landscapes, without any touch of romanticism, and yet makes the hero's decision so inevitable that the reader scarcely realizes that he would have called it unlikely. The physical and philosophic satisfaction, to a man who has been a single wheel in the uncomprehended machine of commerce, of simple, hard tasks that clearly want doing, is vividly communicated. The delights of Vale Farm must have, for American readers more than for English, the pleasure of strangeness: its detailed accounts of plowing with horses and mowing by hand, of marigold pudding and rose conserve, have some of the fascination of that apotheosis of housekeeping, "Robinson Crusoe." For Americans, too, the idyll has the poignancy of impermanence. The small English farmer already seems nearer to the Georgics than to a huge Western wheat-farm; Mr. Freeman's Everard appears as a survivor of the Golden Age, the too fortunate farmer who knows his own happiness.

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Hermione on Humanism

By Don Marquis

WE'VE been taking up Humanism in a serious way this winter—my little group of advanced thinkers and I, you know.

It's wonderful . . . just simply *wonderful!*

It's so . . . so . . . well, so *human,* if you get what I mean!

Far more so than Behaviorism. Behaviorism is going out, you know, and Humanism is coming in. Oh, yes, really—the very *best* people—the more *serious* groups, you know—aren't talking about Behaviorism at all! It's just as *passé* as the very short skirts.

Humanism and Humanitarinism are *quite* different. . . . Humanism is far more profound, if you get what I mean. Its wave length is attuned to the larger cosmic rhythms. And after all, that counts, doesn't it? I always say, a person is in accord with the cosmic vibrations, or he isn't; and that's that. And it's the same way with a system of philosophy.

The *loveliest* man told us all about Humanism the other evening—my little group and I, you know. Such sincerity! He made us all see that it was a force we would have to regulate our individual lives by; *the* dominant intellectual movement of the era, if you get what I mean.

He told us all about the Higher Immediacy and the Lower Immediacy. They're *quite* opposed to each other, you know.

You see the Higher Immediacy is . . . well, it's far *above* the Lower Immediacy, if you get what I mean. More ethical, and everything.

Unless you regulate yourself spiritually by the *Higher Immediacy,* you aren't really a Humanist at all!

I felt so . . . so . . . well, so *purified,* somehow after he had told us about the Higher Immediacy. He has such wonderful eyes . . . so magnetic . . . the lecturer, I mean . . . but *pure,* too!

Every night now, before I go to bed, I look at self in the glass, and I ask myself: "Have I lived in accordance with the Higher Immediacy today? Or have I *failed?*"

Of course, I suppose it is better to be a Humanist and have just merely the Lower Immediacy than to have no Immediacy at all. But the *real* leaders in thought today are Humanists living by the Higher Immediacy.

Isn't Immediacy wonderful . . . just simply *wonderful!*

I don't know whether Humanism can be reconciled with practical Communism or not—of course, it can be reconciled with idealistic and intellectual Communism, for that is on a Higher Plane.

But the question in my mind is whether Humanism is something that should be given to the Masses, or whether it should be kept for a select few.

So often we serious thinkers toil and suffer and sacrifice our lives for the sake of the Masses, and get no thanks at all. Humanism might be a little . . . a little . . . well, *dangerous* for the untrained mind, if you get what I mean. The question is, you know, whether they are ready for it or not.

But it is the only thing that has ever satisfied in me my deep, deep craving for sincerity! There's nothing trivial about it, you know. Don't you just hate triviality?

I'm going to ask Papa to let me do over the house in accord with the new Humanistic Art Ideas . . . there's the *dearest* boy who has gone in for interior decorating who will catch my ideas at once. And I'm having some new costumes made which will express me . . . me, individually, you know, in relation to Humanism.

What I plan is a Humanist Salon! And the decorations and costumes *must* be in accordance with the Inner Idea of Humanism.

They will vibrate in unison with the Higher Immediacy far more than with the Lower Immediacy, if you get what I mean. I think one owes that to one's followers, don't you?—*always* to give them an example of what things can be on the very *highest* plane!

Well, I must run along now! I have a committee meeting in half an hour—some tiresome thing about the unemployed—and after that I must see my modiste and my milliner. Life *is* just a scramble, isn't it?

The Bowling Green

"Produce of Scotland"

GENIUS is this that you suddenly see a thing done as it was never quite done before. You are astonished and at the same time you recognize the rightness of it; you feel pride for the person who was simple and intuitive enough to know that was how it needed to be done.

It must be fun to be rich, one has often thought, for there are so many surprising things that can be done with money; but it is as good as being rich to be able to help a fine humble thing achieve its destiny. In the world of books, if you are lucky and keep your eyes alert, it may happen once or twice a year.

I think it may happen in the case of a book called "Gallows' Orchard," by Claire Spencer, a short novel of a country town in Scotland. I wish it had happened to come to me without the publisher's jacket on it, for to have even the least shadow of knowledge of what sort of story it is may rob you of some of the fine astonishment of reading it. Yet if you don't say something about it, how should people happen upon it?

"Gallows' Orchard" is not just a good book; there will always be an astounding lot of quite good books; books workmanlike, witty, and charming. This is a different kind of thing entirely. It is a Scottish book, and Scots are known to be fey (or is it daft?). It has the absolute quality of Scotland in it: strong and riotous with life as ripe old Scotch whiskey; the sweet gnarly queerness of Scotch air and feeling. It is as real as a granite crag washed by rain. It is bare suffering, with pity and glamor and pain; it has in it a reading and searching for the shapes and meanings of things. The story of Effie Gallows and her tragedy is told through the person of the young village schoolmaster, and surely one tribute to the author's great power is her instinct of entering into the man's essential feelings.

Perhaps it was best of all to have encountered a book like this on a mystical day in February; one of those premature days of spring when tension is strangely relaxed; when the dangerous sunlight of mid-afternoon lies across melting snow and sodden earth; when even asphalt roadway softens and feels elastic underfoot; when you know the impossibility of ever showing life the tenderness it deserves. You will see new beauty in even the best-known things: the face of an old dog, dust-motes floating in a beam of sunshine, the defiant shape of a locomotive.

"Gallows' Orchard" is a book of such exquisite vitality that it enters into rhythm with whatever life you are living and know is so. It is so much truer and closer to your mind than the morning newspaper that you lay aside those crowded sheets of print to think of the Scotch hillside, the dour house with long grass in front of it, the country fair that is a bitter sweet microcosm of human struggle. Whatever your own desire, joy, necessity, despair or postponement, you perceive the essence of such things more faithfully by the magic of this extraordinary talent. Whether it is Orion marching across the sky or the interesting squashiness of roadside mud, your eyes are brightened to examine. In horrible moments of midnight prudence I stiffen myself against over-praise; there is always the possible danger of a taint of egotism in too fierce and sudden halloo. But the humble, tender, passionate beauty of this fly little book emboldens one against cowardice. Whiskey, and books like this, are what Scotland does best: they burn away dull tissues and blow an ember in the mind.

Casual quotation is a misdemeanor, but I give you three little scraps of quality:

"You look up in the sky and you see a star and you say to yourself, that's a star but that's only a word you're using—"

"It's true," I interrupted, "that words are not the thing itself, naturally; but when you say that 'star' is only a sound, that's true, but it's the sound we use to identify a certain thing that—"

"Yes, but we believe in the star as a word, and between you and the thing as it truly is, there is a mist, and the mist is the sound we have given the thing; it's the sound we believe in, not the thing itself. Mind you, it's all right when we are dealing with things that we know about actually, like this table." And he tapped the table gently with his finger tips. "This is easy; but there are things in life that we know nothing of, really, terrible things if you think of them, like a 'star,"—the 'sun,' the 'moon'—all monsters—and yet the three things made most of sentimentally. The more grand and terrific are things the sweeter the sound we tag on to them, to describe them; and it's so with everything we know." He sat silent for a while looking gently disturbed; then firmly: "I know no facts in life. I know no sin."

"Sin," said I, "is only the breaking of the laws that are laid down in your country; they are made in the first place for the comfort of most people, and the world after all is but your own house enlarged."

"Aye, that's right! But I tell you, you may know the country you live in, but no man knows what the world is; and how can you break its laws, when you don't know what its laws are?"

The pig in his pen with his nose to the ground, his kindly, understanding eyes darting here and there in sensitive fear, never looking straight at his tormentors, nor avoiding with his hulk the prodding stick. Oh, gentle, kindly animal, of all the tortured creatures in the world my heart suffers most for you, you are like a symbol of the whole tragic existence, the birth, the belly, and the grave. You were born for your size, bought for your size, and slaughtered for your size. All compliment is taken from you, you are allowed no graceful play at forgetfulness, you are treated always to the bare facts of your meaning. You are by virtue of your size given a great hunger, which in its place forces a greater size and a greater hunger, moulding your poor heavy body day by day to the butcher's knife. Oh, I have heard a pig scream in his death agony, I have heard a man, and I know which is the finer. Look some day in a pig's eye, look honestly, and you will see a human eye, but more sensitive and more aware of his doom than most men, and more tolerant of his murderers.

It was fine to be keeping pace with one's nerves, fine to have the wind on my face, fine to be putting distance behind me, to have my actual speed keep time with my sense of hurry. I laughed out of sheer satisfaction; at last, at last I am on my way back to you, Effie! I am running back to you faster than I ever knew I could run. I have strong-muscled legs that force the ground behind me. I felt them as I ran, and I could feel the muscles hard as iron. I laughed again out of happy pride. The air fills my lungs, cold and fresh, and comes out again broad and even. I am like a fine machine, accurately strong, mathematically reckless, ploughing down the road, levelling down the landscape, banishing trees and landmarks as I run, rolling up yard after yard of stone dike. And when I come to your gate I leave nothing behind me; I bring it all to you, every stick and stone, for I have conquered them and slashed them and destroyed them, all to get to you. I have conquered the length and the time that hung between us.

Even in the name of one of the characters "Gallows' Orchard" suggests Stevenson's greatest (and unfinished) last work, "Weir of Hemiston." And how this book would have interested Stevenson; how enchantingly it transgresses all sorts of technical rigors he would not have allowed himself to snap. Yet I think he, reading in amazement, would have been the first to say that this young writer begins where he was broken off.

Christopher Morley.

Another striking discovery of an early Christian document has recently been made by Dr. Mingana, head of the Manuscript Department of the John Rylands Library, Manchester. The document is known as the "Apocalypse of Peter." References to an Apocalypse of Peter, no doubt the first source of the document, are made by Christian Fathers as early as the second and fourth centuries of our era. The present document dates back, in Dr. Mingana's opinion, as far as the eighth century. Before 1892 only half a dozen fragments were known to exist, but a more considerable one was published in 1901 from a MS. discovered in the monastery of Mount Sinai. This is ascribed by Dr. Mingana to the ninth century. Dr. Mingana who is now publishing the remainder of the complete document has in his possession seven texts, or fragments, of the "Apocalypse," all written in Garshuni, or Arabic in Syriac characters. The seven texts vary greatly from one another, and Dr. Mingana had, he says, to give up the attempt to combine even two of them. He has confined himself to one series of texts only. This series is a big MS. of 194 leaves, ten times the size of the largest of the other six MSS. It contains "Syriac words and Syriac expressions which generally stamp a Christian Arabic composition with a mark of age and originality that is missing in composition of a later date." It also contains passages "which seem to possess an archaic savor."

P. E. N. Club committees have already been set up in London, Athens, Brussels, Cairo, Geneva, Madrid, Paris, and the United States to organize an appeal for a memorial to Rupert Brooke. The cost of the memorial is estimated not to exceed £2,000, and £200 has already been subscribed in Greece. In addition the people of Skyros have offered to provide a block of marble for the base of the monument.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

As They Were Created

MAN AND WOMAN. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ALVAN L. BARACH

IN 1875, as a youth of sixteen years, Havelock Ellis made the resolve that "his lifework should be to make clear the problems of sex." Seven years later, in the midst of his medical training at St. Thomas's Hospital, he began 'to collect definite data concerning the constitutional difference between men and women," and in 1894 published the result of twelve years' investigation, "Man and Woman." Since that time it has been translated into many languages and passed through many editions. The present volume has been more thoroughly revised than its predecessors and represents the mature and perhaps final judgment of Havelock Ellis as a man of seventy upon the patient research of his earlier years, the cornerstone of facts upon which so much of his later writings were based.

As intimated above, this book is essentially a collection of facts concerned with the differences between men and women, and contains (now as at its first publication) the most comprehensive systematic analysis of human secondary sexual characteristics assembled in a single volume. Regarding the organs directly involved in reproduction as primarily sexual characteristics, he has grouped the organs and functions which indirectly favor reproduction, such as the female breast and male muscular strength, as secondary sexual characteristics. Other differences which have no immediate relation to procreation and which are frequently revealed by statistical measurement, such as the higher pulse rate and the lower blood cell count and lower basal metabolism in women, he terms tertiary sexual characteristics.

A remarkable fund of pertinent information, catalogued under anatomical, physiological, and psychological headings, has been selected from a diverse and contradictory literature, criticized and evaluated by a man who is familiar not only with the facts of anatomical and pathological museums but with the recent investigations of clinical medicine into the glands of internal secretion and the hypotheses of psychoanalytical psychology. It is a sign of the extraordinary general interest of our own social group that this book will be welcomed by the lay reader, even if he will be compelled by its factual character to read it in small doses. The material is clearly and simply expressed, which is as much as can be said for a text so heavily annotated.

Some of the knowledge obtained has been secured only after a series of divergent reports have appeared in the literature, alternately contradicting each other, a circumstance that allows one to wonder whether the next analysis may not perhaps overcome the present one. Such a situation is exemplified by the question as to whether the frontal region of the brain is larger in men than in women. During the period when it was thought to be the seat of the higher intellectual faculties, the brain anatomists stated emphatically that the frontal region was larger in men. At the present time, the truth seems to be that the frontal region has no special connection with the higher intellectual faculties and that it is larger in women. As Ellis remarks:

> It may indeed be said that it is only since it has become known that the frontal region of the brain is of greater relative extent in the ape than it is in man and has no connection with the higher intellectual processes, that it has become possible to recognize the fact that that region is relatively more extensive in women.

With this caution in mind, we may view the fact that in savagery and barbarism, men were predominantly fighters and hunters, whereas the primitive industries belonged to the women. In a succeeding phase of civilization, men took over the industries as well, allowing to women a continuation of their essential occupation, the preservation of the species by reproduction, and those allied occupations that centered about the home. Our own culture is distinguished by the emergence of women from the home to take on what are now called masculine activities, at the same time maintaining their contact with Nature by creating offspring and by a concrete personal attitude toward life. In addition to their control over industry men have developed out of their fighting and hunting instincts a capacity for abstract impersonal thought and a creative impulse which manifests itself in manifold artistic and scientific enterprises.

The most striking symbol of man's differentiation is said to be the occurrence of the genius. In the minds of many investigators, genius is a secondary sexual characteristic of the male. This is not intended as a slur upon the female sex but represents the most significant general principle that Ellis is able to draw from his evaluation of the differences between men and women, namely, the greater variability of the male and the more stable (and youthfully advanced from an evolutionary point of view) tendency of the female.

The frequency of idiocy in the male sex is a part of the secondary sexual characteristic that produces genius. (It must be obvious that we are not here speaking of talent.)

All—almost all—congenital anatomical defects, such as supernumerary digits, physiological abnormalities such as color-blindness, stuttering, sexual perversions, are enormously more common in the male sex. Suicides are more frequent in the male in the proportion of three to one (although more women attempt suicide). Genius is therefore more common in men by virtue of the same general tendency by which idiocy is more common, an organic variational tendency to diverge from the average, whereas in women, notwithstanding their facility for minor oscillations, there exists an organic tendency for stability and conservatism, involving a diminished abnormality.

With reference to the argument that women have had no opportunity to show genius Ellen Key observes:

> It is forgotten that for more than a thousand years, all over Europe, the cloister delivered women from the fetters of the hearth and family, and it was certainly the most gifted and developed women who sought the cloister. No prejudice hindered them from devoting themselves to science, art, literature; in fact, they so devoted themselves. Yet all the famous men in the annals of the cloister are men's names, with the exception of Hrswitha; and that age only produced one great feminine genius, the Swedish, Birgitha.

As Ellis remarks: "It should not be difficult to understand this for genius carries us into a region where the strongly differentiated signs of masculinity or femininity, having their ends in procreation, are of little significance."

No inferiority is in any way attributed to women. The sexes are different but equivalent to each other. There is no such thing as equality in the world of living things. Women's special sphere is the bearing and rearing of children, with the care of human life in the home. The organic differences which distinguish the sexes indicate, according to the author, that woman's prime, though by no means exclusive, work centers in her maternal function, even when the maternal function itself is not exercised. He does not, however, preach an absorption of women in the function of reproduction, completely secluded in the home, recognizing that it has ceased to be possible. Woman's energies are now to some extent freed for engaging in supposedly masculine activities, with the result that she will enlarge her home and gain a better preparation for the peculiarly feminine function of maternity and child rearing. At the same time the world cannot but be enriched by the feminine slant which her extra-domestic activities will provide. There are obviously many problems in this connection which Ellis has unfortunately not discussed and which therefore merit no discussion in this review.

To that element in the feminist movement that believed in the equality of the sexes in the sense of identity, who were pleased to take the view that sex was an unimportant accident in human nature, who argued that apparent sexual differences were due to differences in upbringing that would speedily be swept away, this book will be decidedly unwelcome. The emotion involved in that point of view will be seen as a symbol of frustration and defeat, a kind of negativeistic puritanism. To the better adjusted, a joyful acceptance of the differences between men and women seems to procure a more natural avenue toward happiness. As Ellis points out, the banner of Equality had a wholesome assertion in political and social realms, but had no biological foundation. It is only through an affirmation that the two halves of the race are compensatory in their unlikeness that humanity may attain complete development.

General Wolfe

WOLFE AND NORTH AMERICA. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. E. WHITTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by W. P. M. KENNEDY
University of Toronto

THIS admirable book seems destined to assume a place in historical literature as the definitive life of General Wolfe, who is at once a maker of the United States and of Canada. His victory at Quebec largely helped to break French rule in New France, while in the final analysis it served to relieve the Northern threat which the southern English colonists had so long feared and opened up opportunities for a more complete expression of their political opinions. In other words, Wolfe must be considered a world figure in that his great military achievement was among the forces which led to results of the utmost significance. It is singularly fortunate that Colonel Whitton should have undertaken to write this biography, as he brings to it not merely qualities of scholarship and learning, but experience as a practical soldier and as an intimate student of military history and strategy. The combination of these has resulted in a book of outstanding merit, which gives both layman and soldier confidence in its conclusions.

Colonel Whitton writes with a fine sense of the historian's art. Having made himself thoroughly familiar with the documents of the struggle between England and France on North America and of Wolfe's own career, he so arranges his narrative that it takes hold of the reader. First of all we have North American issues fitted into the various jealousies of the European states. Then we watch Wolfe's early military training amid wars and rumors of wars. Then we see in dramatic detail the forces gather after the Peace of Utrecht which intensify the Anglo-French rivalries, while Wolfe develops, as yet unconscious of his great future. Then breaks out the final test of the Seven Years War, with Pitt's uncanny genius guiding the storm, and culminating in his selection of Wolfe for the greatest adventure—the attack on Quebec. We are at once struck with Colonel Whitton's wide and careful knowledge, with his sense of estimating military ability and with his insight into character and his wise interpretation of political policies. In addition, he is not afraid of being critical and of putting his conclusions as boldly and frankly as he conceives the evidence will allow. The combined result is a volume of fascinating interest which constitutes a distinct contribution to historical learning. In this connection, Colonel Whitton does admirable service in setting Wolfe's achievements in their due place. He rightly points out that Amherst's success at Louisburg in 1758 made the attack on Quebec possible, and that Amherst's brilliant work, which led to the fall of Montreal in 1760, is too often overshadowed by the more dramatic events at Quebec. Finally, the insistence that the combination of military and naval forces is the real key to the entire war well deserves the attention of all serious students. Colonel Whitton does not detract from Wolfe's fame; he rather sets it in its secure and incontrovertible place in a great realm of collective distinction. The format of the book is excellent. There is a good index, and there are some first-class maps and illustrations.

A Business Magnate

THE BUSINESS BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN WANAMAKER. By JOSEPH H. APPEL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $5.

AMERICAN history shows too many instances of the development of enterprise from small beginnings to huge success through the genius of a single individual for the career of John Wanamaker to have anything of the phenomenal about it. Nevertheless, even in a country where captains of industry who began life in obscurity to end it in opulence and influence are counted by the hundreds, the story of this department store magnate is full of romance and interest. It is one of those sagas of American business which so long as initiative, vision, and energy continue to be admired of men must command attention.

Born of a family in which industry and piety were an inheritance, John Wanamaker at the ripe age of fourteen went about the serious task of making a living. He got his first job as a publisher's errand boy at the munificent sum of $1.25 a week, and perhaps about the same time or a little later began a deliberate process of selection by which he finally arrived at the choice of a career. The story has it that he took a sheet of paper on which he listed the various professions, "doctor, lawyer, merchant," etc; then, having assembled all possibilities he struck out one after another until only the occupations of clergyman and merchant remained. Between the two for a time his decision wavered, going in the end, as all the world knows, to business as against the church.

Yet the church was never entirely eliminated from Wanamaker's scheme of work since he gave to it and its activities throughout his life, labor, devotion, and money. Indeed, very early in his career he spent years in Y. M. C. A. work, serving with great success as the first paid secretary of the organization. But the experience was merely an episode in his rise from clerk in a men's clothing shop to the headship of one of the greatest drygoods stores in the world.

From youth to old age Wanamaker's success was built upon a definite ideal of business. As clerk, as owner of a small clothing shop, as proprietor of a much more extensive business still entirely confined to men's goods, and as head of a general department store, he believed first and foremost in giving the customer satisfaction. Service was his slogan, and he emphasized it over and over again in the thousands of organization editorials he wrote in later life. It was Wanamaker who first introduced into retail trade the system of returning money for goods which did not please, who established the guarantee and cash payments, and who inaugurated in Philadelphia, at the same time that A. T. Stewart was enforcing it in New York, the policy of fixed prices. Consistently throughout his life he relied on extensive advertising as a means of building business, and as consistently endeavored to develop an *esprit de corps* among his employees as a means of promoting efficiency.

Mr. Appel's survey of Wanamaker's life is professedly a study of its business aspects only, and touches merely in passing on the other phases of his life,—his connection with religious work, his incumbency of the Postmastergeneralship during Harrison's administration, his personal relationships and family associations. A memorial to its subject, it is, of course, laudatory rather than critical, and in its second half less interesting than in its first since there are embodied rather the tributes to success than the struggle for achievement. But there is much in it that will hold the attention of the general reader.

An alcove in the main reading room of the library of the Johns Hopkins University has been set aside as a memorial to the poet, Sidney Lanier.

Lanier, in 1879, was appointed lecturer in English Literature at the Johns Hopkins University. He gave a course at the University in poetry which afterwards was published as "Science of English Verse" and a course on the novel that after his death was published as "The English Novel."

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The Position of History

I AM not a publicist. I make no pretension to contribute anything drawn from history to the world's stock of wisdom and unwisdom in dealing with the affairs of today. Only I believe that the truth about the past, if taught or read with broad human sympathy, can give a noble education to the mind of the student, not only in politics, but in all kinds of civic and social relationship, and even in the domain of personal, religious, and ethical ideals. History does not make men Guelphs or Ghibellines. But, if rightly studied, it makes them better Guelphs or better Ghibellines. If wrongly studied it may end in filling the streets with blood, and the countryside with trenches and bursting shells. The war of 1870 was ascribed by some to the historical writings of Thiers, and the greater catastrophe of our own era to those of Treitschke. There was probably an element of truth in these charges. But, if rightly taught, the annals of mankind cultivate a more intelligent patriotism that respects the claims of others.

But do not misunderstand me. History cannot rightly be used as propaganda even in the best of causes. It is not rightly taught by selecting such facts as will, it is hoped, point towards some patriotic or international moral. It is rightly taught by the disclosure, so far as is humanly possible, of the truth about the past in all its variety and manysidedness, in its national and international aspects, and in many other aspects besides these two. Your pupil or your reader may find modern applications for himself, if he is so disposed. But it is not the modern applications that are the root of the matter; the value of history to the solution of present-day problems is indirect, and lies in the training of the student's mind by the dispassionate study of some closed episode in human affairs.

History is the open Bible: we historians are not priests to expound it infallibly; our function is to teach people to read it and to reflect upon it for themselves. If we were to set up for infallible, our own divisions would speedily confound the claim. Men talk, indeed, of the "verdict of history," but on most points of real interest that verdict is not unanimous and is constantly being reversed. The "verdict of history" is one thing in France, another in Germany; one thing in the England of 1840, another in 1890, yet a third thing today. Action and reaction is as much the method of historical as of political progress. For example, within two generations the general attitude towards the English Reformation and the Industrial Revolution respectively, displayed by the leading historical scholars on those subjects, has more than once undergone marked change, like the slow, constant swinging of a pendulum. Yet the figure of the pendulum is not to be pressed too close, for reactions in historical opinion never go back precisely to the old point. Each generation of historians reacts against its predecessor in certain respects, but the thought and learning of the previous generation has always left some mark that cannot be obliterated in the palimpsest of history.

Learning is indeed a necessary condition to the discovery of historical truth, but it is no infallible guide to just historical judgments. For since the most learned historians often hold widely divergent views, it is evident that they cannot all be right. What common judgment would you get out of Klopp and Legrelle, Froude and James Gardiner? There is another class of historical judge, who sees safety in the compromising policy of Solomon, and divides the baby exactly in half. But there are many cases in which this procedure may be a mortal error. There is, in fact, no golden rule by which to read history aright.

Indeed a large part of the business of historians consists in correcting and supplementing one another. I say "supplementing" because an accurate but one-sided history may, by its omissions, mislead the public far more than a less accurate and less learned record that presents several sides of the case. But because there are many historians, truth does slowly and partially emerge.

Truth is perpetually being brought to light, not merely by writers of cool and detached temper, but also by the rival contributions of those who ardently espouse opposite sides in some historic cause. The past was full of passion, and passion is therefore one element in historic truth. Sympathy is a necessary part of understanding. Carlyle helped as much as Gardiner to elucidate the forgotten truth about the English Puritan era and the character and career of Cromwell, about whom generations of dispassionate historians, Whig as well as Tory, had unerringly missed the point.

And so, by various processes conducted by historians of very different types, the wide margins of error and ignorance are reduced. Each year there is less ground available for the perpetual misrepresentations employed by creed, class, and race; and although these will be with us always, something nearer to common ground is being won for men of reason, honesty, and good will.

Those, however, who believe that history can supply complete or final "verdicts" forget, I think, the immensity and complexity of the ground to be covered. Any historic event—say, for example, the course of the English or of the French Revolution—would involve, if it were traced with complete scientific accuracy, the life-histories of many millions of men and women, nearly all of them utterly unknown to us today, yet each of them once a living personality, growing and changing under stress of circumstances and influences constantly in flux. The totality of past experience and action among European men, or even in the English nation alone in a limited period of years, presents a theme so vast and so intricate that we can discuss it at all only by making certain formulæ or historical generalizations, which cover and shroud the variety and richness of the past. On the shore where Time casts up its stray wreckage we gather corks and broken planks, whence much indeed may be argued and more guessed; but what the great ship was that has gone down into the deep, that we shall never see.

Indeed, one of the attractions in studying the past is the sense which that study awakes that far more has been doomed to irrevocable oblivion than the little that anyone can ever know. That touches the imagination. Text-books and all manner of cramming for examinations, with their neat, necessary docketings of eras and movements, diminish the sense of the unplumbed and uncharted wastes of history. It is nourished by turning over original documents, old letters that lack the answer, diaries like Pepys's, memoirs like Hickey's. It is nourished also by reading great histories by remarkable writers, and by meditating upon them.

It is difficult to set bounds to the scope of history. It is concerned with every activity of man. Seeley mistook when he argued for its limitation to politics, if that was what he meant when he said that history was "past politics." Even if our sole end in view were to understand past politics—a dreary limitation—we should have first to study past economics, past religion, past jurisprudence, past social life and custom: for past politics were the mere outward form and flourish of these and many other activities of human life of old. If we studied past politics in isolation they would be emptied of their motive and meaning as surely as ecclesiastical history loses its reality when written apart from the social, intellectual, and political history of the age in question. A purely political narrative of the struggle of King and Parliament in England, a purely ecclesiastical Life of Becket, Calvin, or Laud, worud read like the chronicles of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. History must be many-sided, because human life has many sides. We may and must cut it into sections for the convenience of our studies; but to know the causes of events we must reassemble the parts.

WHAT is the use of history? Whereas the discoveries of physical scientists have importance as means towards material ends—military, medical, industrial, and agricultural—on the other hand historical discoveries have hardly any value except in so far as they educate the mind, stimulate thought, or intensify intellectual emotion. Through the application of physical science, life on the globe is multiplied, prolonged, destroyed. No historical discoveries can have any such effects. But history can make people wiser, and it can give them intellectual pleasure of a very high order indeed. If this is the case, then it appears to me that history is already in danger, and may in each succeeding decade be in greater danger, of wasting much of its force by not knowing well enough what to do with the ever-increasing mass of facts that it accumulates with such admirable zeal and skill. All over Europe and America thousands of devoted workers give their lives to accumulating historical knowledge, which is garnered in books, monographs, and learned periodicals. Much of this accumulated knowledge is indeed presented, either at first or second hand, in a most interesting manner and so fulfils its end; but much of it seems to be printed only to remain unused, because a sufficient proportion of time and energy is not given to bringing out the interest latent in the facts discovered and recorded. I know that this is more easily said than done. To some extent the difficulty is inherent in the nature of the case. But there are, I think, various lines on which people are seeking to improve this state of things, and are actually improving it.

In the first place it is the endeavor to teach undergraduates not out of text-books of indifferent value, but out of books old and new, each of which has some intellectual or literary merit. The great value of the old classical education, was the quality of the books which it put into the hands of students. History cannot, perhaps, put before its students books that we can rate as high as the whole library of Greek and Latin literature, but it can, if it so chooses, provide them with many works of high intellectual quality. Swift once wrote a word which educationalists should bear in mind: "If a rational man," says the Dean, "reads an excellent author with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and perhaps insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he shall not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled: for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company does to our behavior and conversation, without either loading our memories or making us even sensible of the change."

In all ways it is necessary to make the young student feel that history is at once a stimulation and a satisfaction of intellectual curiosity; that it is a process of thought, not a mere learning by rote. Books have to be chosen and examinations set with that end in view. I believe that the efforts made in this direction of recent years have not been unblessed. A good test of the success or failure of a history school is the proportion of its former students who in after life read history for pleasure. Statistics on that point can, I fear, never be available, but I would give a great deal to have them, in the case of the former students of a number of selected universities.

In this connection I would plead that history should not lose touch with its own past. The works of great historians of former times ought to be known not only by name but by use. They should not always be relegated to the dust heap because on certain points they have been supplemented or corrected by works of smaller intellectual power. Students of English literature are not in the habit of confining their reading to the neo-Georgian poets; and although history is less perennial than poetry, it is in its higher manifestations not so ephemeral as some people are inclined to suppose. We historians also have our heritage.

Since history consists not only in collecting facts about the past, but in thinking about them, old fashions of historical thought are not to be neglected. They often serve as a useful corrective to the fashion of our own age, which is not the quintessence of all that has gone before, but merely the latest mode, with its strong points certainly, but also, we may be sure, with its weak spots as well. Besides some great names that I have already mentioned, there are historians and biographers, such as Sorel, Lecky, Creighton, Symonds, Dicey, Gardiner, Morley, Jessopp, Parkman, Motley, Ranke, Gregorovius, Taine, Tocqueville, Guizot and many more, who have things to suggest to us, all the more valuable because we may not hear them from contemporaries. The succession of attitudes adopted by the men of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries towards the past is in itself no unimportant part of history.

Among books written before the eighteenth century, in days when the study of the past labored under great disadvantages, the historical literature of

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by Geo. Macaulay Trevelyan

most educational value for us is, perhaps, the contemporary memoir of passing events, such as Burnet and Clarendon, de Commines and Froissart. Can a man be said to have had a liberal education in English history if he has never read some at least of the nobler passages in Clarendon? And those magnificent political controversies, if we give them no higher title, conducted by Milton and Burke, are part of the young history student's birthright as an Englishman; to know something of them he may well be expected to spare a few hours from learning so many more clauses of broken treaties out of textbooks.

The universities stand in a more important and direct relation to historical production than in former times. The days have gone by when history was written chiefly by men-of-the-world, publicists, and beneficed clergymen, for a leisured class with large and learned libraries in their country seats. Today society has undergone great changes, and the conditions of intellectual production have changed accordingly. History is now written for the most part by men and women who have been trained in history at the universities, and very largely by persons living upon academic endowment; while the serious reading public is no longer the upper or the middle class as such, but clever persons of all classes. The problem of historical writing today is, therefore, to establish a satisfactory contact between the academically trained historians and those who should be their readers, scattered all over the country in various callings and stations of life. It is not altogether an easy task. In old days the writers and readers of history had a common background and common standards—those of a well-educated but not over-learned aristocracy. Today the writers may sometimes be too academic and the readers not academic enough for purposes of mutual understanding. "The writer is one, and the reader is another," says the Eastern proverb.

THE relation of history to education is not less important than its relation to literature, and modern educationalists are making the same demand as the modern literary world. Both schoolmasters and ordinary readers are asking historians not to be merely learned, but to remember the hungry sheep. What are we to say to this demand, and how far, if at all, is it inconsistent with the academic ideals which it is our duty to maintain at a university? The answer to that question will be given in different terms by each of us, and I have no wish to make any pronouncement upon it with any claim to authority or othodoxy, but only to express some of my own feelings on the subject. It is, of course, impossible for an historian to give too much, or ever enough, time to research, but it seems to me not impossible that he may sometimes give proportionately too much of his time and mental energy to research itself, at the expense of the thought and art that should be devoted to making use of the results of research. We have, as historians, not only to collect facts, but to think about them; and we have also to weave the facts and our thoughts upon them into some form by which others will profit.

There are indeed, and there ought to be, many kinds of historian and many kinds of history. Subdivision of labor is required in history as in other forms of human effort. There are also several kinds of reading public, of which the more select is the more important, but of which none is wholly negligible. Some distinguished historians have deliberately written two books on the same subject, one for the learned and another for a wider class. That is one way of honestly facing a difficult problem. But perhaps the highest ideal of history will always remain the volume that satisfies both the learned and the general reader. There are in fact as many possible solutions to the problem as there are men fit to solve it.

In any case I am sure that historians could not see with indifference the popular presentation of history pass mainly into the hands of others. We welcome the assistance of allies from the realms of literature or journalism, and applaud, while we criticize, their success with historical themes. But their success is a challenge to us, and an encouraging reminder of the growing interest in history among the educated and half-educated democracy of all classes today. The immediate future is full of possibility and hope for historians, and they are in many different ways rising to the call and to the challenge of the age.

I will say no more of the theory of the question. Atmosphere has more influence on practice than any theory. Let us put the case then in terms of atmosphere. The problem of presenting the results of historical research to the educational world and to the reading public may best find its solution, and is already beginning to find its solution, in an atmosphere such as we breathe in an ancient university; where literature and learning still go hand in hand; where lucid self-expression with the pen is regarded as a necessary part of a liberal education; where intellectual and literary traditions and careful standards of thought and speech are more respected than in the market-place; where historians are not ignorant of poetry and literature, and where students of language and literature are not ignorant of history; where the schools of natural science, by their neighborhood and example, help to keep us historians in touch with the modern world and with the active business of research, discovery, and production, without affecting our own loyalty to the standard of humane letters.

The appeal of history to us all is in the last analysis poetic. But the poetry of history does not consist of imagination roaming at large, but of imagination pursuing the fact and fastening upon it. That which compels the historian to "scorn delights and live laborious days" is the ardor of his own curiosity to know what really happened long ago in that land of mystery which we call the past. To peer into that magic mirror and see fresh figures there every day is a burning desire that consumes and satisfies him all his life, that carries him each morning, eager as a lover, to the library and the muniment room. It haunts him like a passion of almost terrible potency, because it is poetic. The dead were and are not. Their place knows them no more and is ours today. Yet they were once as real as we, and we shall tomorrow be shadows like them. In men's first astonishment over that unchanging mystery lay the origins of poetry, philosophy, and religion. From it too is derived in more modern times this peculiar call of the spirit, the type of intellectual curiosity that we name the historical sense. Unlike most forms of imaginative life it cannot be satisfied save by facts. In the realm of history, the moment we have reason to think that we are being given fiction instead of fact, be the fiction ever so brilliant, our interest collapses like a pricked balloon. To hold our interest you must tell us something we believe to be true about the men who once walked the earth. It is the fact about the past that is poetic; just because it really happened, it gathers round it all the inscrutable mystery of life and death and time. Let the science and research of the historian find the fact, and let his imagination and art make clear its significance.

The foregoing article will constitute part of an essay in a volume entitled "Clio, the Muse and Other Essays," shortly to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co. Its author, George Macaulay Trevelyan, son of the distinguished historian, George Otto Trevelyan, and grandnephew of Thomas Babington Macaulay, is himself one of the foremost historians of present-day England. Among his many books are "England in the Age of Wycliffe," "England under the Stuarts," Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," "Garibaldi and the Thousand," "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy," "The Life of John Bright," "Recreations of a Historian," and "Manin and the Venetian Republic."

The first book to be published in Italy on the recent conciliation between the Church and State which contains all the documents leading up to the signature of the Lateran Treaty since 1926 has just been put on the index of prohibited books by a special decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office. The book, which is called "Give unto Cæsar, Mussolini's Religious Policy," was written by Signor Missiroli, a former Liberal and now a Fascist and one of the eminent journalists in the capital.

American Art

ART IN AMERICA. By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE. New York: Harper & Bros. 19'0. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

WRITTEN avowedly from the radical point of view, this book endeavors to be fair towards older and conservative art, and where it fails, as now and then it does, the cause is rather insufficient acquaintance than prejudice. One cannot imagine, for example, that the author would have dismissed Thomas Cole as an empty allegorist, if she had really looked at his finest landscapes, especially the smaller pieces. Similarly it does not evince close inspection of the work of either painter, when she rolls together Horatio Walker and H. O. Walker, the mural painter. However, such slips are inevitable in a book of this encyclopædic scope, and beyond noting them for correction, nothing is to be thought of them.

To correlate our art with our civilization has been the author's plan. It has been carried out successfully so far as the material permits. It has the disadvantage of making the most coherent part of the book that which deals with the least important subject matter—our Colonial art. Here the correlation is complete, perhaps for the reason that there was plenty of life but very little art. Beyond that period the parallelism works only for architecture, and its succinct and vivid chapters on the whirlwind changes in architectural styles and no styles is the most valuable part of the book.

One must himself have made a comprehensive book of this sort in order to appreciate rightly the general spirit, accuracy, and judgment with which the task has been carried off. At times the interest flags. Indeed, being really an extended essay in criticism, the book would have been better for accepting the limitations of its *genre,* omitting mere enumerations and short notices.

The criticism reaches a high point of interpretation and good writing in the appreciations devoted to Eakins and Whistler, while it is a joy to find a writer of the younger generation conscious of the social and esthetic value of the art of William H. Hunt and John La Farge. There is necessarily some defective sympathy in treating the art of the late nineteenth century. There is, for example, a constant implication that an eternal duty is laid upon every painter to create "volumes" and repel all associations. But every generation must have its own esthetic patter, and "volumes" is that of our author's as "values" was that of my own. Without striking originality, this book will take its place creditably and usefully beside the excellent manuals of Miss Gardner and Miss Abbott.

As bookmaking it is interesting. The use of a new process of half-tone printing, called aquatone, allows the plates to be struck off on the uncoated paper which serves for the letter press. This makes a book delightfully light for its bulk, with the defect, at least in the copy before us, that the printing strikes through many pages. The cuts are of uncommonly good quality having much of the quality of collotypes.

General Walter Maxwell Scott, great-grandson of Sir Walter Scott, states that he has sold the MS. of Scott's unfinished novel, "The Siege of Malta," to the publishing firm of Sheed and Ward, London. The price at which the MS. changed hands is believed to be the highest paid for a Scott MS.

In January, 1832, Sir Walter Scott wrote in his famous "Journal"; "Have written a great many pages of 'The Siege of Malta,' which I think will succeed." He died the following September at Abbotsford after writing 150 pages of the new novel, and the MS. has remained at Abbotsford ever since. General Walter Maxwell Scott, the author's descendant, is the present owner of Abbotsford. Sir Walter Scott worked on "The Siege of Malta" during the health voyage he took in a vessel lent by the Government a short time before his death.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore has written a film scenario based on his play "Tapati." The poet himself takes part in the film, which was made at his home in Bengal.

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Some Recent Fiction

Counter-Revolution

THE WHITE COAT. By GENERAL P. N. KRASSNOFF. New York: Duffield & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

GENERAL KRASSNOFF'S first novel, "From Double Eagle to Red Flag," was an astonishing story, written in exile by an ex-officer out of the still warm, vivid, and overflowing memories of an active Russian soldier's life. The sheer vitality of a talent, hitherto undeveloped, overrode technical difficulties, and spread out a Russian panorama which dwarfed the work of many more experienced but less temperamentally gifted craftsmen, and deserved to be mentioned in the same breath, at least, with Tolstoy's "War and Peace." It wasn't Tolstoy, by a long shot. All sorts of easy criticisms could be made of it; toward the end, when the émigré's imagination began to turn itself loose on the detested Bolsheviks, it grew rather maudlin. But it was magnificent, nevertheless.

His second effort, along the same line, in which he left the life he had actually lived through, and treated post-Revolutionary Russia, was much less successful. In "The White Coat," the redoubtable general leaves, for the most part, first-hand experience altogether, and embarks on an imagined counter-revolution which overthrows the Communists and restores a "Holy Russia." It is a strange product—interesting, for Krassnoff almost always contrives to be that, but ingenuous and rather wild, and as significant for its revelation of émigré psychology as for anything else.

The "Parents" are treated in the first part, in a picture of the melancholy end of an old officer who "accepted" Bolshevism; the "Children" in a second section, in particular through the lurid tale of a young girl, who, despairing of God because of what has happened to Russia, joined a nightmare cult and gave herself, body and soul, to Satan. And the latter half of the book is devoted to a sort of super-Ku Klux Klan, headed by a radiant knight in a white coat, which filters secretly into every cell of Communist life and finally overthrows the Bolsheviks.

The pathos of the émigré's morbid homesickness—often unconscious of itself—for vanished Russia, is felt throughout the book and especially in this latter part. When the supreme moment arrives, and the hero, so different from the Soviet leaders, so like a sort of glorified old-school cavalry-officer, with his white coat trimmed with sable, dusted with snow, so that "a rainbow-tinted halo seemed to surround him"—when the White Coat finally arrives, he comes as a "chief should appear. Not with the roar and hooting of a both capitalistic and democratic motor-car—the last production of the workers' industry—but with the merry tinkle of the troika, the image of peasant, agricultural Russia!" . . .

How many thousands of Russian émigrés, keeping alive, somehow, in obscure rooms and dismal barracks in the capitals of western Europe, try to forget reality in dreams of old Russia similar to this! Cling to the delusion that there is a road back to that old Russia; that if the Bolsheviks were somehow to be swept off the stage tomorrow, Russia would be, socially, economically, politically, what it was a generation ago—just as if there were a road back to our old South, or back to the France of Louis XIV, or back to one's youth! . . .

Many curious bits of political and social opinion are dropped through the story. Thus a Communist explains that

> when the American Jew Charlie Chaplin grimaces before the public, when the beautiful, Ukranian-born, Pola Negri makes sweet eyes at them, it is our propaganda that appears, unseen to them, behind their back. . . We have allowed them to stare at kings and emperors on the screen; we have made use of God Himself to whet their curiosity in "Ben Hur" and "The King of Kings." We have democratized and vulgarized everything in order to prove that there is nothing high or sacred in this world. . .

It is Communism, again, General Krasnoff apparently would have us think, and not the Paris "Kemgor," aided by the League of Nations, which is helping some of the Russian émigrés, to settle on the land in new countries. "All that is strong and healthy and truly Russian," he makes another Communist explain,

> we'll manage to direct to Canada, Brazil, the Argentine, the further the better. We'll know how to do it without being suspected of being in the play. They will be tied to the land with contracts, bound by work. No, there will be for them no going back to Russia. . . .

"The White Coat" is not to be taken very seriously, either as a novel or as politics, but the reader will be entertained most of time, and sometimes in ways not intended.

Old British Columbia

RED WILLOWS. By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

MISS SKINNER'S first novel, "The Search Relentless," disclosed to readers of Curwood and Connor that an adventure story of the Canadian west could be told with truth of observation and beauty of style. "Red Willows" does even more. Holding fast to the excellences of the first book, it interprets some neglected frontier history in terms of unlurid but absorbing fiction. One learns, emotionally, what it was like to be alive in the days subsequent to the Cariboo strike in a small, gossipy trading post. British Columbia is lucky to have had Miss Skinner for a pioneer child, for these days have cried out for an able story-teller. They have now found expression in a novel of uncommon quality.

Unlike western fiction, the interest of these pages depends little on plot. A sick young clergyman travels from England to Woman's Crossing, interior British Columbia, to die. He finds himself in a village of Scotch and Norwegians, English and Indians, Spaniards, and Chinese, gathered around the store stove of Finnan MacDuff. The climate is of some primitive heaven, but the daily life of Woman's Crossing is rather earthy and Hal Cressy is too engaged to die. It is the interplay of race and personality that engages him, as it does the reader, and when a murder occurs late in the book one feels that this violence is required less for the onlooker's excitement than to help Miss Skinner with her thesis.

This thesis is of course unstated, and it may be unfair to insist too much on it, but it does seem as if Miss Skinner had been brooding on the injustice of previous fiction in picturing a frontier managed and moulded exclusively by he-men. Where, she asks, are their partners in hardship? What about the brave and resourceful women? And she sets about revealing them in Woman's Crossing, grouped around and subtly led by Lucy Paley.

Mrs. Paley is a remarkable transference of breathing woman to the printed page and hers is undoubtedly one of the most finished portraits in Canadian fiction. She has charm and light-heartedness and nerve and nerves. She quivers with individuality, and, ironically, her best qualities nearly wreck the community. She has to put her ringed finger in every rough pie. Her maker has not spared her, baring her nature with a kind of loving venom until she attains a quite thrilling reality. She almost does not manage her high-spirited Spanish husband, but an opportune infant brings him to heel.

There are other women: the tired and unobtrusive sister of Great Finnan who could defy his egotism when necessary; Concha Santiago, wedded not too thoroughly to the unvocal Eric Nord; Effie, the really touching prostitute; her sister Cherry, who aspires to Lady Cressy's son and of course gets him. All these characters have substance, and they are all better than their men, possibly because Miss Skinner can portray her sex better or possibly because she wants to.

The men are far from lifeless. Great Finnan, father of nine strapping half-breeds and dictator in Woman's Crossing to four races, is imperial—until his sister emits a tired word. Erik is symbolic of the hardy Norsemen's placid plough-ridden life; he gets cuckolded. Bert marries the prostitute's sister as she designed. Mallow alone defies woman, and he, alas, is murdered. Indeed, the women decide that it would be better for justice never to know who killed him. So they don't tell.

Whether this matriarchal supremacy is quite accurate, historically, is open to some doubt, but it is a good corrective to the previous frontier romances of this region. And the scene is depicted in a style so vivid, by an ability to project character so powerful, as to place "Red Willows" without question among the very few Canadian novels of real worth.

Aldous Huxley, whose novel, "Point Counter Point," has been turned into a play, "This Way to Paradise," is publishing a new book in the spring, containing one long and several short stories.

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A Letter from Canada

By William Arthur Deacon

AMERICANS interested in Canada's cultural development may get a bird's-eye view of the whole situation in the first annual volume of "Yearbook of the Arts in Canada" (Macmillan). Added to the social and industrial revolution which is disturbing creative artists everywhere, the artist in Canada—whether writer, sculptor, or composer—is faced by the difficulty of a changing center of consciousness within. From geography to religion Canadians have been a disparate people. Quebec, the province longest settled, has produced a racial-regional culture; but before the English-speaking provinces have developed strong sectional individualities, they have been profoundly moved by a healthy, vital desire for national unity. This lacks, as yet, clear definition and aim; and the present position of the arts is therefore even more transitional and chaotic than in most other countries of the European tradition.

Bertram Brooker, as editor, wisely allowed the symposium to reflect the true state of affairs. No contributor was told what the others were saying; and there are almost as many viewpoints as there are critical expositors. Thus one chronicler of the drama, painting, or architecture views with alarm, or jeers, while the next, traversing the same ground, feels that all is well. As it fell to my lot to sum up the achievements of the first hundred years in literature, I know how much easier it is to use the material to argue a case than to weigh it judiciously; and I am satisfied that the chief value and interest of the book lies in the heterogeneous nature of its contents. For interest there is. Canadians are anxious to learn if the souls of their creative countrymen are keeping pace with the amazing increase in foreign trade; and the "Yearbook" has consequently roused more discussion than any other recent publication.

Besides the "critical" section, with its miscellaneous verdicts of a dozen good men and true, there is an "original" section containing essays, poems, and short stories, followed by fifty full-page plates of specimens of Canadian art from abstract line drawings to ornamental iron doors. Whether this activity is wisely directed or not, its variety and extent are arresting, since readers are reminded that the work is no catalogue, but a forum for the discussion of tendencies, using representative works as illustrations.

The national movement has been undoubtedly stimulated by the rapid penetration of the North (recently known to novelists as "the great open spaces") as a result of the mining operations begun from the Yukon to Labrador during the last three years. Vilhyalmur Stefansson, who first directed the eyes of Canadians to the region, and was laughed at for his pains, has consequently been raised from the status of a mad dreamer to that of a prophet, whose visions have materialized in substantial and profitable form. One effect has been the preparation of a comprehensive biography of the explorer by D. M. Le Bourdais, which will be published in the late spring.

It happens to be his first book; but as editor, writer for magazines, lecturer and a former aide to Stefansson, Le Bourdais is well equipped. A native of French-Canadian and Irish-Canadian parentage, he was much amused, when heading an expedition into the Arctic with an American crew, that the black cook from Jamaica insisted on fraternizing with him because "we are the only two Englishmen aboard."

This biography serves dual ends. Stefansson has been a voluminous author. His travels have been recorded by himself in a whole series of books, which include personal adventure, propaganda, geographical and other scientific data, and things in general—often in mixed doses. It was most desirable that all this be sifted, checked with diary entries and other original documents, and confirmed by outside evidence, to yield a chronological narrative of established fact. This Le Bourdais has done, often reducing to a chapter what Stefansson had expanded to a whole book; and yet saving the condensation from unnecessary loss of the picturesque.

On the side of character interpretation the author's problem was more delicate, and from the historical standpoint more important. Any one could later find out what Stefansson has done; only an observant contemporary can know what he is. His career has been dotted with misunderstandings that have alienated friends, and have impeded his progress. The major thesis of Le Bourdais's "life" is that the root of all difficulties has been temperamental; that Stefansson is essentially the artist rather than the scientist, and Le Bourdais shows how, in the various disputes that have raged around Stefansson, the poet in the man's soul has always guided his course, and has frequently led to trouble and the distrust which ordinary people usually feel towards genius and its ways. The book is sure both to increase the number of Stefansson's admirers and to reawaken old prejudices.

E. J. Pratt will probably be known for the rest of his life as the author of "The Roosevelt and the Antinoe." This is a narrative poem of dramatic intensity for which the *Roosevelt's* deed of daring, endurance, and self-sacrifice has supplied the perfect stimulus. Hard, and at times jerky with the impact of the waves, under the strain of wind, the poem fights on through those five days and nights in which Captain Freed struggled to effect the all but impossible rescue. One lives through the nineteen hours when the *Roosevelt* had lost the *Antinoe*, and picked her up sixty-miles away without radio, and in a snowstorm so bad the officer on the bridge could not see the prow of his own ship. And the technical terms, the modern words, packed into that severe, classical form, illustrate the super-reality art can give to the raw material of life.

Romance in Canada is found oftener in fact than in fiction. No sane novelist would dare perpetrate any such extravaganza as the actual life of Father Lacombe, recorded by Katherine Hughes under the title "Father Lacombe: The Black-Robe Voyageur" (McClelland & Stewart). This pioneer missionary's parish extended from the Red River, due north of Minneapolis, to the Rockies. The sixty-four years of his public activity began with buffalo hunts and Indian wars and ended with the bumper crop of 1916, while in mid-career he greeted the first railway train. Compact of energy and courage, and possessing a magnificent sense of humor, he is identified with nearly every phase of the opening of the West, and was universally loved. He built the first bridge and set up the first flour mill on the prairies, and opened the first school, besides founding two or three towns and building churches galore. His methods of warfare remain a shining example of armament reduction, since he won two set battles without a gun, and single-handed, and likewise without weapons, he once raised a siege of Edmonton.

I do not ask any one to believe these things. They are merely so. I could go on and tell of his writing a Cree dictionary and grammar, of his European travels, of his successful fights with the government to obtain better treatment for his "children," as he called the Indians, and of the uncanny shrewdness of this tough little priest in dealing with all types of men. Towards the end, he retired officially five times, always re-emerging after a short rest, ablaze for some new enterprise. Miss Hughes's narrative is commendably ingenuous. It would have been a shame to spoil anything as spontaneously combustive as Father Lacombe's life by use of the stop-lighting devices now popular with biographers.

Reaching back a little further into our still verdant past, the reissue of Catharine Parr Traill's "The Backwoods of Canada" (McClelland & Stewart) after a century of obscurity, presents a vivid picture of the first settlements along the north shore of Lake Ontario, in what is now the most populous region of Canada. Mrs. Trail was the wife of a pioneer farmer. One of the famous Strickland sisters of England, she wrote well; and as much of the book is in diary form, it has all the freshness of a contemporary record. The time was that of the shedding of the first and practically the only blood in Canada's struggle for self-government; and, to us, the document is a strangely alien echo of the Tory spirit. This sweet and intelligent woman rejoices frankly over the execution of men whom the nation has since chosen to call martyrs—though admittedly not saints. Her graphic, simple descriptions emphasize the temperamental similarity between her generation and ours, and the radical divergence of views of the two on nearly everything.

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TEN THOUSAND readers of Abbé Ernest Dimnet's *The Art of Thinking* have now returned to The Inner Sanctum the questionnaire cards (here reproduced) which are enclosed in copies of the book. On these green reply cards the readers are invited to tell the reasons which prompted the purchase of the book.

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Reviews	3,454
Advertising	2,460
Recommended by a friend	1,219
Reputation of the author	604
Bookstore display	420
Interest in subject	409
Recommended by bookstore	383
Gift	270
Lecture or sermon	230
**Title of book*	199
Appearance of book	191
**Examination of a copy in bookstore*	180
*John Dewey's *tribute*	161
Circular or catalogue	156
**Recommended by professor*	64
**Rated as Best Seller*	56

As might be expected, by far the greatest number of readers said that the excellent reviews stimulated them to own *The Art of Thinking*, the publishers' advertising being listed second as a determining factor. Advice from friends was next in importance, while the last of the major motives was the reputation of the author, Abbé Ernest Dimnet.

In addition to the replies tabled, some interesting personal angles came to light. One outspoken reader admitted that the "ME" in the advertising got him; another confessed that he was "just a sucker for psychology"; while a matron returned a card with the paradoxical statement that she "never buys advertised books."

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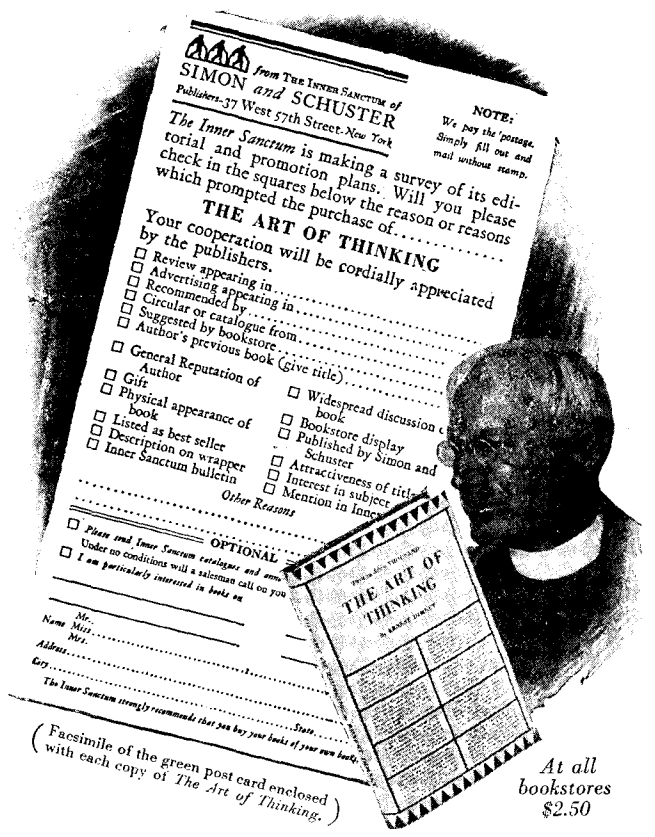
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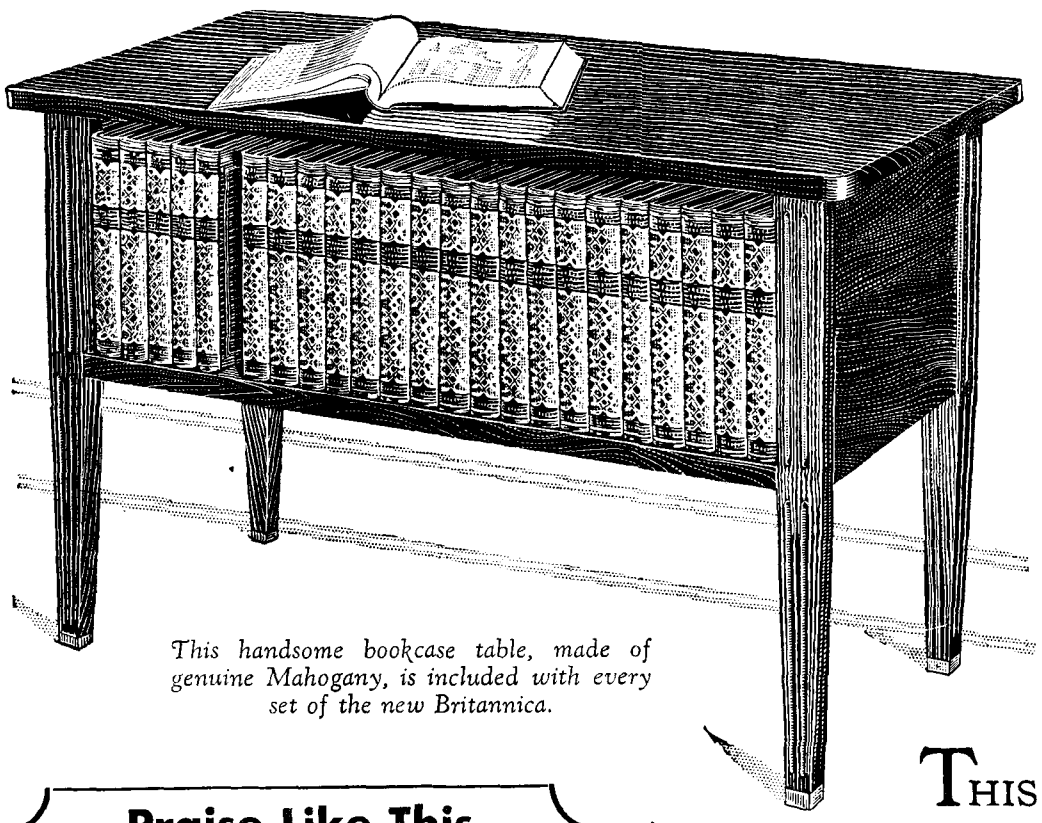

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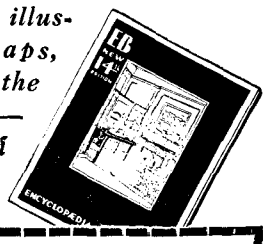

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Points of View

Who Said It?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

To locate a familiar quotation would seem a simple thing. I am at present in position to deny that simplicity; unless among the many who read the *Review* a pigeon-holed remembrance may produce one quotation I wish to locate but have in a year's search failed to do.

I must premise by saying I had no education, myself, and but a newspaper man's swift and general method of collecting information at need. This quotation apparently was compassed neither by my primary school instruction nor subsequent experience.

Whether the quotation, therefore, would apply to me, I am not sure.

But someone, somewhere, at some time, said, or wrote, or is said to have made or recorded the statement regarding the education of youth: "Give me a child until he is six years old, and you may have him for the rest of his life."

I do not insist on that exact wording, but something very definitely to that effect, and in somewhat near those words.

I wrote first to that compendium of information and requests, the *New York Times*' query column.

The answers I got were diverse and a little vague: Jean Jacques Rousseau, Ignatius Loyola, and "a Jesuit writer."

A subsequent informant, however, stated more definitely that Jean Jacques Rousseau was the author, and that the quotation might be found in his "Emile," edition of 1762.

English translations failed to record it as a part of "Emile." Knowing how faulty translations may be, I referred directly to the 1762 edition, in French. A careful reading from title-page to last fly-leaf failed to find it there.

I had, long before, of course, done Bartlett from "Make Me Again" to "A Wise Father."

In despair I appealed to one who has solved more problems of this sort for querists than any respondent of the time or *Times*, Miss Everett, of Boston. Her courteous reply said: "An answer to this query in the Boston *Transcript* ascribes the quotation to Cardinal Newman; but gives no further identifying clue. My only Newman is on some back bookshelf; but I'll root it out and search it through."

A conscientious respondent from Carthage, Illinois, replied to the query: "I shall try to locate the educator who said many a time before his class in Pedagogy: 'Jean Jacques Rousseau says "Give me a child until he is six, and the world may have him the rest of his life."' I cannot locate the quotation, chapter, page, line, where Rousseau makes such an observation. I have just finished reading an English translation of 'Emilius; or a Treatise of Education,' Edinburgh publication, 1763. I have interested a number of my friends, especially a professor of Romance Languages, and hope to locate the quotation soon."

Yet, though these hopes were born in August and September last, and my first inquiry was made through the *Times* in April, 1929, almost a year ago, no one has yet located or proved the verbiage of that quotation. Can any reader of the *Saturday Review* do so?

Was such a statement made by Jean Jacques Rousseau, or by Cardinal Newman, or by Ignatius Loyola? And where can it be found? And what is its true verbiage?

I shall be immensely obliged to anyone who can give me this information.

JOHN BENNETT.

Charleston, S. C.

Rabelais and Americanism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I cannot let pass a statement in Mr. Berdan's recent article "Rabelais, Humanist." I refer to the last paragraph where he says, "The Abbey of Theleme, with its motto 'Do What You Will,' was the ideal because he believed in the inherent nobility of the human soul. Consequently Rabelais is curiously modern, curiously American."

Does Mr. Berdan mean that Rabelais is curiously American because we believe in the "inherent nobility of the human soul"? or because the motto "Do What You Will" is a particularly American philosophy?

The "inherent nobility of the human soul" is of course Socratic (and perhaps American) and the "Do What You Will" is no doubt the motto of the present younger generation, yet to call Rabelais curiously American seems to me "curiously" inappropriate. It savors a bit of Mr. Bruce Barton's book on Jesus, the man nobody but an advertising man could have made an American gogetter.

Rabelais was a Latin first of all with a craze for knowledge and a craze for living. The American is a Puritan who has voted into the constitution the eighteenth amendment, about as un-Rabelaisian an act as I can imagine.

Pantagruelism, as Anatole France called the Rabelaisian philosophy, is the very negation of American Puritanism and also of the present movement in America called inappropriately, I think, Humanism. The "full, brutal Renaissance" as expressed in "Gargantua" is a far cry from the academic Humanism of Mr. Irving Babbitt, who it seems to me *is* curiously American as François Rabelais was curiously un-American. When Rabelais is curiously American let our motto be "Trinc" and "Do What You Will" in the real Rabelasian sense, and if that occurs, and when, America will have reached the millennium and all our uplift societies, and militant organizations to keep me from doing what I will, will have sunk into the obscurity that should be theirs, and men of honor will sit in the seats of the mighty.

H. FAULKNER WEST.

Dartmouth College.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., regrets that the article on "Dramatic Critisism," which appears on pages 619 and 620 of Volume 7 of the Fourteenth Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, was inadvertently attributed in the index of authors to Professor Jules Isaac of the Lycée of Lyons. The author of the article is in fact Mr. Jacob Isaac, M. A. (Oxon), Lecturer in English Literature and Language in the University of London, King's College.

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.

New York.

Creative Humanism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Harry Hayden Clark, in a letter by Mr. J. T. Shipley in your issue of January 18, is conceived as suggesting a "doting on tradition." This seems to me unjust. Mr. Clark is no blind advocate of the past. Like other humanists (like the Brooks-Mumford school of criticism also), he believes that we must seek to create a usable past, by means of a "purposeful and discriminating interpretation." When a usable past had been created and widely accepted, we may begin to hope for a useful future.

In regard to the present revolt in Germany against an unhumanistic university education, I should like to call attention to the Harvard lectures of Fritz Kellermann, "The Effect of the World War on European Education, with Special Reference to Germany" (Harvard University Press, 1928), particularly page 52.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

A Practical Joke

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In "All Our Yesterdays" Mr. Tomlinson has included an incident which he has already published as a separate article in either *Scribner's*, or *Harper's*, telling, as one of the many mysterious occurrences at the front, of the visit of two French officers to a British mess, and their extraordinary conduct and subsequent disappearance. The story is related to the narrator of "All Our Yesterdays" by an officer who was present at the occasion.

Both in the magazine where it originally appeared and in the book Mr. Tomlinson tells it with a portentous gravity. Yet an explanation other than supernatural or mysterious must immediately occur, it seems to me, to American readers who have been at the front.

It is with no desire to detract from the high and noble seriousness of this book that I suggest that Mr. Tomlinson and the officer eyewitness have both been taken in, and that the two French officers were Norton Harjes's ambulance drivers in disguise playing one of the most superb practical jokes in history or literature on our gallant Britannic Allies.

HOWARD SWIGGETT.

New York, N. Y.

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 80. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Country Auction." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of March 11.)

Competition No. 81. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best specimens of what might have happened if Mr. Ring Lardner had written "Romeo and Juliet." (Entries, which must not exceed 400 words of prose, should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of March 25. Competitors are advised not to attempt telling the whole story.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

COMPETITION No. 76

The prize for the best short rhymed poem, called "First Flight," has been divided equally between Claudius Jones and Arjeh.

THE PRIZE POEMS

FIRST FLIGHT

I—By CLAUDIUS JONES

HER cheek was pink, her hair a braid,
Her shadowed eyes were brown,
And I, love-sick and half afraid,
I tried with rhyme and meter's aid
To write my passion down.

When Marlowe praised the face that burned
The topless towers of Troy,
I think, not all the praise he earned
From Mermaid's wits in couplets turned
Gave half so deep a joy.

The Muses prize the mighty scene
That stirs the poet's heart,
But more, I think, they prize the keen
Unuttered joy of seventeen,
Too sweet for words of art.

II—By ARJEH

"They'd take *mair washin',"* *quo'*
Mistress McGlashan,
"Than wud be richt;
There's nae sense fashin' masel with splashin'
The hale *first flicht.*

Them in y'r attic ken I'm rheumatic;
An' for the lave
O' y'r fine tenants I've independence,
An' I'll no *slave.*

Y'r stairheid's dirty for Nineteen-thirty
—But I'm near din;
I've slopped *them even, the hale damned seeven,*
An' no washed *yin."*

This was not one of our most successful competitions. The absence of any really outstanding entry has compelled the division of the prize. Entries fell into three groups. The least successful, on the whole, were the poems that dealt with human flight. Strangely enough there were only half a dozen of these, although, I confess, that I was thinking in terms of aeroplanes when I set the competition. Marine Ado, Homer Parsons, and Howard Donnelly were rather better than Phoebe Scribble and Fanny Hodges Newman whose "Man takes to the air" did not sustain its opening lines.

A second group considered the birds. Joseph Remick's poem (containing a murderous cat) was too long to qualify: Eleanor Glenn Wallis, Phoebe Scribble, and Agnes Kendrick Gray divided the honors in this group, but none of them qualified for the prize.

The third group dealt either with the Flight into Egypt or varied the ancient theme of Hadrian. Gardia L. Blackney bettered R. S. Buck's moving picture of the Holy Family, and Clinton Scollard, Alice Boorman Williamson, and E. R. Applebee competed closely in the second division. I shall try to print some of their offerings at a later time.

Most of the poems mentioned were rather more ambitious than either of the prize entries; but Claudius Jones and Arjeh made their points better than anybody else, so that after only a little hesitation it seemed fairest to let them divide our fifteen dollars.

We print some poems promised in recent competitions:

ODE

Dedicating my Encyclopædia Britannica to household use
Minions of ignorance have camped about
My dwelling, and their oft-recurring bivouacs
Frighten the kine till milk I do without,
Nor can I coax the honey-bees to give wax,
Let alone honey.
But now more sunny
The lining of my cloud appears.
There comes
Help to the rescue. Look: their pens are brighter
Than swords! Behold: machine-gun fee faw fums
Spatter destruction—from an old typewriter!

Gallant Fourteenth, two million dollars strong,
Galloping down the field in handsome bindings!
Thirty-five million words cannot be wrong;
So ignorance, turning tail, accepts their findings
And, helter-skelter
Running to shelter,
Leaves me this heritage of metaphor
To straighten out as well as I am able.
Now that's one horse on me—but there are more:
Thirty-five hundred in my bookcase (s) table!

Away, ye military figures! All
Thy work is done. What thou art now good for is
To raise *the children properly. For Paul*
Two books are needed; one will do for Doris.
Thus for the youngsters
Yet from the tongue stirs
Praise by their elders, while the rapt eye turns
From page to page, till smells empyreumatic
Warn me that supper on the cookstove burns,
And fill my nose with harsh olfactory static.

To what shall I compare thee? O'er my head
Thou ragest, like a fearful Arctic blizzard
Bleak and Borean, hurling, if truth be said,
Slithering drifts of wisdom, A to Izzard,
Into my noggin.
Come, let's toboggan
Adown the slope. Britannia rules the waves
(Or ruled them till the recent peace commotions).
In realms of knowledge then shall we be slaves?
Britannica (hail Britannica!) rules the notions!

HOMER M. PARSONS.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

How to Write Good English. By *Henry Bett.* Stokes. $1.

The American Rhythm. By *Mary Austin.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Biography

MEN, MARRIAGE AND ME. By Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Macaulay. 1930. $2.50.

Take a fair amount of beauty and a large amount of luck, a dash of cunning, plenty of self-assurance, and an unlimited urge to grab and you have Peggy Upton Archer Hopkins Joyce Morner, the girl who put matrimony on a sound commercial basis. Change the sex and waive the beauty, and you get a familiar type of successful business man who, while stripping a rival, cries Service, from exactly the same instinct of self-justification that compels Peggy Joyce to murmur Love whenever an eligible millionaire is sighted. It is doubtful, however, if any business man would put his name to so disastrously revealing an "autobiography" as "Men, Marriage and Me" in which a talented ghost-writer, borrowing his technique from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," paints a highly entertaining portrait of a pocket-book vamp whose ability to sluice away gold from rich, susceptible males has made her an international figure. As the familiar story of an uphill fight for fame (this time via the Follies route), it shows that America is still the land of opportunity. The Peggy Joyce who exclaims at sixteen, "I'd do anything for a real silk chemise," says at thirty, "if a husband gives me a diamond ring, I thank him very sweetly of course, but I let him see that what I really wanted was a pearl necklace."

THE LIFE STORY OF KING GEORGE V. By Richard C. Dent. Dutton. 1930. $3.90.

Mr. Dent's biography of King George is just such a book as might be expected from a subject writing of his monarch during the lifetime of the sovereign. It is chatty, laudatory, and entirely insignificant. When obviously it is impossible to reveal either intimate personal affairs or important matters of state, there remains nothing to write but a chronicle of trivial happenings and emotions on parade. King George emerges from this book as he did from that other biography of him published the other day, the estimable and godfearing gentleman, the conscientious king, and the devoted family man. He is presented as his subjects see him, with the glamour of royalty about him and an emphasis attaching to his slightest word and deed that derives from nothing remarkable in them but from the mere fact that it is the king who is their source. Of the course of empire, the problems of diplomacy and statecraft, the tactics of sovereignty, nothing at all appears in Mr. Dent's book. Though broader in scope, its interest is similar in kind to that of the pictorial supplement or the Sunday magazine article.

Mrs. Eddy. By *Edwin Franden Dakin.* Scribner's. $2.

The Day Before Yesterday. By *James Moffatt.* Cokesbury.

Because I Stutter. By *Wendell Johnson.* Appleton. $1.50.

John W. Sterling. By *John A. Garon.* Yale University Press.

Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. Edited by *Martha Dickinson Biarchi.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Drama

Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well." Edited by *John L. Lowes.* (Tudor Shakespeare.) Macmillan. $2.

One-Act Plays from the Yiddish. Translated by *Etta Block.* Second Series. Block. $2.

Massinger's "The Roman Actor." Edited by *William Lee Sandidge, Jr.* Princeton University Press.

Jew Süss. By *Ashley Dukes.* Viking. $2.

The Dramatic Work of Samuel Foote. By *Mary Megbie Belden.* Yale University Press.

Education

The Romantic Period. Edited by *Albert G. Reed.* Scribner's. $1 each.

Our Class Visits South America. By *Frederick H. Law.* Scribner's. $1.

Modern Wrestling. By *H. Otopalik.* Scribner's. $2.

Manual for Good Reading. By *John M. Manly, Edith Rickert,* and *Nina Leubrie.* Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Readers. Scribner's. 3 vols. 28 cents each.

Manual for Our English. By *Joseph Villiers Denney, Eleanor L. Skinner,* and *Ada M. Skinner.* Seventh Grade, Eighth Grade. Ninth Grade. Scribner's. 28 cents each.

Guiding the Child. By *Alfred Adler.* Greenberg. $3.

The Essay Writer. New Style. By *Guy N. Pocock.* Dutton. $1.10.

The Child's Word Book. By *Clara A. Jordan.* Scribner's. 60 cents.

Fiction

HANSINE SOLSTAD. By Peter Egge. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

If the rest of Peter Egge's novels are as satisfying as "Hansine Solstad," the English-reading public may well consider itself cheated. For this is the only one of his thirty-three or so that has been translated. It is a bold and clean-cut tale—the story of a fine, brave spirit, a peasant girl, who tries throughout her life to justify herself before her community. She comes of good stock, dignified people of whom she is proud, whose sense of values has not been warped by the compromises of city living, people who rate integrity of character above conventionality and above power, who judge the pastor, the rich farmer, and the beggar by the same standards. They are poor people who live intelligently and work hard, people for whom life is not easy, but satisfactory in accomplishment. They can measure the seasons in tended cattle and crops and in children who grow up to cherish the wisdom of the older generation. It is a disconcerting picture to an urbanite, whose triumphs are often enough matters of manipulation, whose children despise what is not new, and for whom old age is only disintegration. And so it seemed to Hansine, who had to leave her own people and come to the town. She could have lost herself there. She grew rich enough through her own wits to laugh off the slander which had clung to her like trailing slime since she was a child. But only complete vindication of her innocence would satisfy her, and that only before the severe tribunal of her own people.

Her portrait is a fine piece of character delineation. Every stroke is significant and bold. There is no padding, and no "color" for its own sake. The whole story is told with utmost simplicity, as the material demands, and is a worthy tribute to Trondhjem peasantry.

THESE LORDS' DESCENDANTS. By Gloria Goddard. Stokes. 1930. $2.50.

This book is an ambitious attempt to unfold the entire panorama of American history, from the seventeenth century to the present day, following the fortunes of a single family. At the time of the English Civil War the Honorable Granatt Featherstone, a Parliamentarian younger son, goes to Massachusetts during a Royalist success, and his brother, the Honorable Geoffrey, a cavalier, goes to Maryland to escape the Commonwealth. Later, branches of the family follow the course of empire, to Illinois in pioneer days, to Kentucky just before the Civil War, to California in 'forty-nine, until the wave of conquest recedes and New York becomes the golden magnet.

Such a story demands a canvas as great at least as that of "The Forsyte Saga"; compressed into four hundred pages, it is almost foredoomed to failure. The main characters run too exactly to form: each is always speaking as a typical Puritan or a typical Southern planter or whatever the rôle is, with an oppressive consistency. The minor characters, on whom the burden of illustrating history rests less heavily, are distinct personalities with interesting stories of their own, but of necessity the generations succeed each other too rapidly for any deep interest in any individual.

Miss Goddard's devices for giving unity to her ranging narrative are so obvious as to defeat themselves. The marriage of the surviving cousins and the return to England to buy the dormant peerage seem forced; and the contrast between the hardy conquerors and their soft descendants is needlessly underscored.

ORPHAN OF ETERNITY, or THE KATABASIS OF THE LORD LUCIFER SATAN. By Carl Heinrich. New York: Louis Carrier & Co. 1929. $2.50.

This is a fantastic satire in the manner of Anatole France and Mr. James Branch Cabell. It makes a parade of extreme sophistication and daring: the cover, red and black with bold block letters, recalls that of the suppressed translation of M. Huysmans's "A Rebours"; the Latin dedication has a reference to the *signum tridentis,* which may re-

(Continued on next page)

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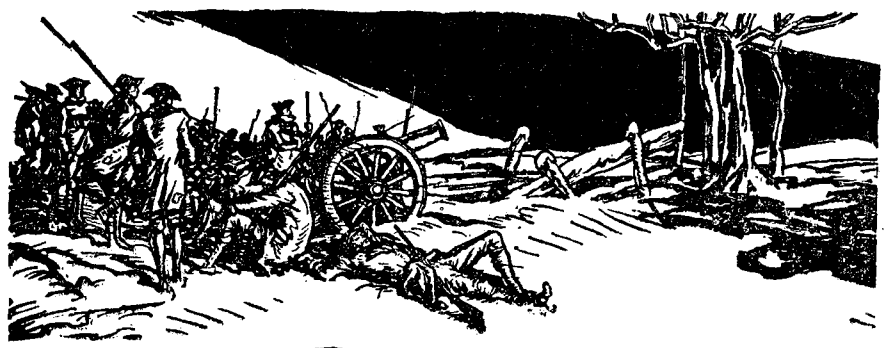

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XII. Conclusions.
XIII. Confirmation of the Theory.

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By Oliver La Farge

Here's a book with flying banners,
Here's a story, quite the best,
Of the red man and his manners
In the regions of the West;
And, although no fortune-teller,
I am more than half inclined
To predict that here's a *seller*
Of a not uncertain kind. ***—Punch***

"It has the same clean, bright, deathless quality as Willa Cather's 'My Antonia.'"—*Julia Peterkin.*

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The New Books
Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

mind some readers of Mr. Cabell's many phallic symbols; everything indicates that the author is about to be very wicked.

And after all the principal thesis of the book is only that sexual experience is not wrong in itself. This is demonstrated by postulating a state of affairs in which the other carnal desire, hunger, is regarded as resulting from the fall of man, and the act of eating held to be either sinful or sacramental, just as Butler ridicules our treatment of moral infirmities by supposing it transferred to physical ones. The point is undeniably well taken, but it is safe to say that no one who reads the book through will need a spirit risen from the pit to tell him that.

Mr. Heinrich does not, however, confine himself to this alone. Like Mr. Cabell, who once made an eagle in Poictesme say that it was too proud to fight, he gives passing thrusts to any contemporary figures and tendencies, often very skilfully. Thus, the late Anthony Comstock appears as "Anthony Thumbcock, the Impurest of the Pure," and Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Chesterton are travestied at length, upon the subject of a man slipping on a banana peel. The speech of Mr. Chesterton, who points out that in the Middle Ages nobody slipped on banana peels, for the streets being filled with refuse, people looked where they were going, is one of the best of the numerous parodies upon him.

But "Orphan of Eternity" is too self-consciously shocking; and though it is often amusing, it is never so amusing as a rereading of "Jurgen" or "La Révolte des Anges."

CALF LOVE. By VERNON BARTLETT. Lippincott. 1930. $2.50.

This is a beautiful story, a story that brings a tear from you when you put it down, for the tragedy and the loveliness that is youth. It chronicles one summer in the life of an English boy sent to a little East German town to study, who finds himself thrust into a family of two pretty girls. What happens is not important. The summer is a patchwork of incident that is blazing drama to a seventeen-year old boy, and great fun for you, whether it be a school picnic or a family squabble. Each summer day unfolds a new experience to him, and an old one to you. Every emotion that life can proffer, greater emotion than he believes he ever can bear, sweeps over the impressionable, callow boy. He falls in love with love, suffering mighty mock emotions, and then he falls in love—and tears his heart in genuine sorrow. You laugh at him. He is absurd. But you suffer, too—for those poignant tragedies you'd almost forgotten.

The boy's profound ignorance about the life which he surmises when he meets the young Heidelberg student, and his occasional curiosities about sex and its manifestations, are all presented in proportion. Ice-cream sodas (or their beer equivalent in Germany) are still very important, and poems on suicide, and large pictures of a silver sea under a tranquil moon. He lives vividly that summer, as one does at seventeen, and the lessons he learns are assimilated into a new and beautifully idealistic pattern of life. But you shut your eyes tight as he lies on the bed at the end, weeping. You don't want to know that soon this lad must grow a shell around him, and that all the beauties and all the delicacies will be so deeply buried that not even he can find them.

Most unostentatiously, the author has done a perfect job. Never is he superior, like Penrod's author, "creating" humorous situations. He has made no intense psychological study like Young Woodley, nor composed a fancy like Sentimental Tommy. He gives you boyhood. It is true as the water in a vigorous brook, as the yearning in a dog's brown eyes. When you have finished you know that there couldn't have been a false note. The background—a town near the Polish border before the war—is most entertaining. But it could equally well be Des Moines, Iowa.

CLOUDED HILLS. By ELIZABETH MOORHEAD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $2.50.

This tale is a document of the era of growing rich—that terrible period when one generation gets rich too fast to enjoy the possibilities of leisure, while the next, hurled into riches in sensitive childhood, sees only the vulgarity and ostentation of its single-minded parents. Most Americans in the last quarter of the nineteenth century—in the industrial East and in the growing Middle West—saw this tragedy going on in at least one household of every town: the heartbreaks over class distinctions, the arched eyebrows of the old rich regarding the new rich, the wide gap between the girl whose father was a college man and the one whose father was an ironmonger. It was in the days of "drags" drawn by prancing chestnuts, of houses built with porte-cochères and stained glass windows, of onyx tables loaded with knick-knacks, and bronze figures on newel posts.

This story is of Pittsburgh, of a determined workman from the north of Ireland, vigorous against the blaze of his steel furnaces, who cannot so much as approach an understanding of his sensitive daughter, educated as she is, out of his life, by an eastern school, and by glimpses of a Maryland manor house and of Baltimore Assemblies, and of another world which she knows at once to be "right." His accumulated riches are her humiliation, the orgy he forces her into making her realize ahead of her time the satisfaction of simple living. It is a story rich in incident, and a love story convincing and appealing.

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN. By DAPHNE MUIR. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

South Africa, from the 1850's up through and beyond the World War, constitutes the background of Mrs. Muir's book. It presents a tremendous canvas of veld, isolated, narrow-minded towns, great ranch farms, a sprinkling of humanity, Dutch and English and an overwhelming mass of blacks, of "life a little lonely, and a little slow . . . with time and space to see" and over it all the Dutch Reformed God. Out in that great stretch of unbroken plains, a Boer family grows up—out of Sanni Le Roux, the Virtuous Woman, and Sarel, her husband. Twelve sons are born to them who in their turn marry, bear children, prosper, and become the grandfathers of another generation. The solidity of a worthy race is exemplified in the strong branching tree of this one family.

No great "problems" disturb the Le Rouxs, except the romantic gesture of an uncle, and the unbelievable conversion to Roman Catholicism of a brother. But time heals even these troubles. A Viking of a man grows fat, a wide-eyed girl gets dumpy and gray. Events like the Boer War and the World War, in this chronicle, become history. They are recounted as unemotionally as they are probably received by a controlled people, accepting the inevitable, unimaginative and unimpassioned. One sees the dawn of fashionable life, the first consciousness in a rather heavy-handed community of the little arts of agreeable living. It is not a long book, but is seemingly so because of the years that flow through it, and the even monotone of the telling. Not an exciting book because of that very style which seems to have grown out of the material itself, it is a book which carries to an American who has never been in South Africa the essence of that distant country.

WARNING HILL. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.50.

The wistful charm of this novel lies largely in the impressive characterization of the principal, in the finely balanced portrayal of his development from boyhood in the early years of the century until young maturity in the post-war era. His people for generations had held respected place in the little village of Michael's Harbor, but Tommy's father, a sensitive ne'er-do-well, had frittered away the modest family competence until imminent ruin drove him to suicide. Thereafter, a dreamy, serious child of seven, Tommy continued to live in the dilapidated old home with his grand-aunt and his mother, his receptive imagination fascinated by visions of the mysterious world of wealth existing in the nearby colony of millionaires whose spacious country-houses adorned the region called "Warning Hill." Entrance to that enchanting domain was rigidly barred to villagers except in the capacity of menials, but after once trespassing within, so profoundly stirred was Tommy by what he saw that the absorbing desire of his life became the attainment of his recognition as an equal by those aloof moneyed people. Of course there was a girl of his age as spur to his ambition, the inconstant daughter of a millionaire, and the boy's dream of her urged him ever on in the plodding efforts for self-betterment. But when he had grown up, achieving a fair measure of those aims he had appointed in the eyes of the girl and of her kin he still remained an alien and inferior. A simple, restrained, yet poignant story, it is told with rare and compelling consistency.

GEORGE WIMPLE AND I. By *Frederic Siebert*. Oxford: Blackwell.

ONE OLD REB. By *Malvina Sarah Waring*. Columbia, S. C.: State Co.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS. By *Henry Fielding*. Scribner's. $1.

SUSAN LENOX. By *David Graham Phillips*. Appleton. $2.50.

THE MISTRESS. By *George C. Foster*. Macaulay. $2.

(Continued on page 791)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

D. M. M., Columbus, O., asks for a list of texts dealing with early American magazines.

THERE are not many titles, but an immense amount of fascinating material is gathered under one title in "A History of American Magazines: 1741-1850," by Frank Luther Mott (Appleton), which has just appeared. This is more than a history of its subject; it is a special history of American life as reflected in one form of our literary expression, which has far more than purely literary interest. The dates take in Godey and Willis, Poe and Louisa Alcott, and these and many others appear as in life. More of the work is to come; it is a young library already.

Although "Some Forerunners of the Newspaper in England," by Mathias A. Shaaber (University of Pennsylvania), is on the other side of the ocean and runs from 1476 to 1622, its subject is close enough for me to seize a chance to slip it in. For this is one of the books I never let borrowers remove from under my eye; books with bits of ancient news and rumors, like "The Fugger News-Letters." This one is full of news, official, published under partisan auspices, in ballad form, and for popular delectation, the last being on subjects like murders, miracles, wonders, monsters, acts of God, the weather, and sporting news. These sporting events include Kemp's morris-dance from London to Norwich, later immortalized by Alfred Noyes, and the exploits of a number of worthies who carried out bets that they would travel from one city to another in some unusual manner or under special difficulties; as at present, they covered expenses by writing the story. One reads and marvels at the number of things tabloids are now missing.

We had little on American magazines before this new history. Algernon Tassin's "The Magazine in America" (Dodd, Mead) is out of print; "Some Magazines and Magazine Makers," by J. E. Drewry (Stratford) is about modern magazines.

N. C. S., New York, asks if it was Henry James who marveled "that people should be afraid of ghosts and not shudder at the constant menace of morally unsound creatures who walk the earth about us." He wishes to verify the source of this quotation before using it.

I HOPE it was not Henry James; it sounds like the Watch and Ward Society. So many people seem to consider shuddering as a sort of vibratory treatment for the moral system. However, the context may improve matters, only I don't know the context; no doubt someone will spot it directly.

B. M. A., Santiago de Cuba, asks for a more documented book about Adah Menken than the one recently reviewed in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE letter goes on: "I don't know if you are acquainted with the fact that Adah was the first mistress of one of Cuba's greatest poets, Juan Clemente Zenea, who, although he later contracted other ties, was always her faithful admirer and friend."

This is not mentioned in any of the books about Adah Isaacs Menken that I have read. The latest of these was "Adah Isaacs Menken: an Illustrated Biography," by Richard Northcott, one of a series of biographical monographs published by The Press Printers, Long Acres, London, 1921 (five shillings). This is paper-bound, full of details, and well provided with pictures. Of these, her photographs as Mazeppa have perhaps the greatest interest; they raised, it will be remembered, a most tremendous row, but now appear in the nature of an anticlimax, Mazeppa having had much larger acreage in clothes than the contemporary channel swimmer. It is a friendly account, but I prefer the quite hopelessly biased story of "The Life and Remarkable Career of Adah Isaacs Menken," by G. Lippard Barclay of Philadelphia, who describes himself as "a comedian" and wrote his defense of Infelice red-hot out of a loving heart, back in 1868, most touchingly upholding her in everything against the world. I wish that William Bolitho had chosen Adah Menken for his woman adventurer in that grand book, "Twelve Against the Gods" (Simon & Schuster), instead of the comparatively tawdry Lola Montez. There must have been something about Adah; everyone who knew her seems to have stood up for her so.

W. K., Glen Rock, Pa., sends me such good advice, copied from an article by Jared W. Young in the BOOKSELLER AND PRINT DEALER'S WEEKLY, *that I hasten to share it with those who have been asking advice in cataloguing their libraries:*

WHILE most book-collectors are familiar with the appearance of the printed cards issued by the Library of Congress, through seeing them in the card catalogues of Public Libraries, comparatively few make use of them for their own cataloguing on bibliographical purposes. This is no doubt in large part due to lack of knowledge as to the scope of the cards, their relative cheapness, and the ease with which they can be obtained.

"Beginning in 1898 the Library has been printing cards for all books copyrighted in the United States, and since 1900 for its other accessions. In addition it has been printing cards for earlier published books, so that its stock now is relatively complete in all classes for books copyrighted in the U. S. A., and very complete in bibliography, American History, and books in English not copyrighted here.

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"For the convenience of those desiring to order cards, or to refer to the full catalogue of titles printed, complete 'depository sets' are maintained in the larger cities and universities. Thus in New York City such a set will be found at Columbia University, and the Brooklyn and New York public libraries. (At the latter the set is on the small balcony in the main card-catalogue room).

"It will of course be understood that where a book has passed through several editions, and with varying publishers' imprints, the L. C. cards available may not exactly describe your particular edition, but in such cases the printed card can be readily changed to fit your needs.

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M. H. B., Chicago, Ill., is looking for information on the origin of social customs, saying that while some, like handshaking or tipping the hat, can be easily traced, material for doing so is scattered.

FOR satisfying a genial and unexacting curiosity as to how things started the handbook, "Curiosities of Popular Customs," by W. S. Walsh (Lippincott), comes in handy on many occasions; a copy in a library is usually read to tatters before it is retired. It is fine for the more respectable and picturesque superstitions, such as that against beginning anything on Childermas (December 28), for unofficial romantic holidays like Oakapple Day, and for bits of unexpected social history like "the Richborne Crawls," by which an old and infirm Lady Tichborne, in the reign of Henry II, won twenty-three acres of fat land from her husband for the perpetual use of the poor. He promised her all she could walk around while a lighted brand should burn; philanthropic spirit and a determination to show him that there was life in the old girl yet, enabled her to crawl around this imposing extent of territory in the time indicated. The rest of the tale, involving a curse fulfilled when the dole was discontinued, makes curious reading.

Beyond books like this begin the fascinations of books on primitive culture, social origins, and folklore; books like the magnificent "Folkways" of William Graham Sumner (Ginn), crammed with illustrations of manners and usage, customs and morals. And of course "The Golden Bough"; it is astonishing how many roads lead to that tree of knowledge.

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Fortune's Favorite

I HAVE received a copy of the new magazine *Fortune*, issued by the same group of people who have made *Time* so deservedly successful; but *Fortune* has been given heroic and elaborate typographical treatment. The responsibility for the physical appearance of the new magazine is Mr. Thomas M. Cleland's. No more competent designer for the complicated features of a magazine could have been selected.

A note on the printing of the magazine appears in the first number. From this we learn, what is reasonably apparent from an inspection of the pages, that letter-press printing has been used for the type sections, and that the pictorial features have been rendered by the intaglia or photogravure method. All that *Fortune* says about the superiority of the intaglio process for pictorial reproduction is quite true: there is no other method quite so good for the printing of photographic "copy." Both the black-and-white and the color work is exceptionally attractive, and places *Fortune* in a class apart among magazines: in this respect it more nearly resembles the German weekly *Die Woche* than any other magazine I am familiar with.

But I know of *no* magazine which has been planned on so sumptuous a scale. The page is a very large one, and there are a profusion of pictures. The type is a good, readable, pleasant letter—Baskerville, and the typography is restrained in style. The paper is mellow. The cover is done apparently by Mr. Cleland in his usual finished style. In fact the magazine as a whole is a rather grand affair, as becomes the presumptive mouthpiece of the predominantly commercial civilization of today in America. For its purpose it seems to me as fine as one could imagine. It quite puts in the shade all other magazines here or elsewhere devoted to the worship of "the bitch goddess, Success." It is a fitting accompaniment to those soft carpeted offices, those carefully groomed business men, those elaborate country clubs, those sleek, chauffeured limousines, which mark the goal of our life's efforts. As part of the ritual of business it is superb.

And yet I cannot help thinking of a friend who owns an electric refrigerator, but who went to Woolworth's the other day to buy an ice bag and mallet because he could no longer stand the smugness of those cursed cubes. R.

Mr. Stone's "Morley" Catalogue

IT is one of the joys of this column that not all its readers agree with me. Perhaps almost no one does. Even my collaborator finds me banal when I speak well of limited editions, and when I reprint "Snowbound." Mr. Bullen believes that I do less than justice to another printer—and several correspondents take me to task for my animadversions on the type-setting machine. So long as there are these dissidents from the true gospel I shall have work to do, and work which I am not averse to doing. I may be misunderstood, or others may see much more clearly than I can the absurdities and contradictions into which the writing of a weekly criticism of modern printing may lead me. But all I can expect to do is to call attention to the printed books which interest me, and tell why they seem to me good or bad. And if I maintain a preference for certain types and certain ways of arranging the types I think I have a reason for so believing which is rational.

A little book from Mr. Henry Stone, the bookseller of 24 East 58th Street, New York, emphasizes the contention that wherever possible hand setting of the best foundry type is the best way to compose a book. This booklet is "Christopher Morley, His Books in First Edition, with an Introduction by Burton Emmet." The twenty-four pages of the list have been carefully set in 10 point Caslon foundry type, by hand, at the Walpole Printing Office of Peter Beilenson. Such type is good because its form is limited only by the fundamental limitations of type itself, and not by machine exigencies nor by the befuddlements of large scale production and complicated equipment. Also it is good because a very competent craftsman designed it originally. And finally it is good because the man who set it knew what type he was using, and how to use it.

This little catalogue isn't a masterpiece, it has no appeal to those who like cocktails and sky-scrapers. But it is pleasant and creditable type setting, an unostentatious little booklet done by a good workman. What more does one ask for? R.

Tribute to Henry W. Kent, Esq.

AT the opening of the exhibition of "The Fifty Books of 1929" in the New York Public Library on February 4, the medal of the American Institute of Graphic Arts was presented to Henry Watson Kent, Esq., Secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The address of presentation by the President of the Institute, Mr. Frederic Melcher, is so fine a tribute to a loved and honored counsellor in the graphic arts that it seems worthy of reprinting.

"The American Institute of Graphic Arts has achieved its purposes through a significant decade of developing the public taste, by giving designers the stimulation of competition, and by finding ways to honor those who have signally served.

"For its first purpose it has used travelling exhibits, for the second provided competent juries, for the third established an Institute Medal to be awarded to those whom it desires to honor, for on their genius depends the progress of American art. This Medal is bestowed on the suggestion of a special Committee of Award and by the vote of the Board of Directors. It is not connected with an exhibit of a special achievement except as the exhibit may be the occasion to bring members together. It expresses our appreciation of a career of notable influence in the field of graphic arts. No bestowal could be more in harmony with the spirit of the Medal than its award tonight to Henry Watson Kent, friend of artists, wise counsellor in the Institute's development, secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, director of the Museum's press.

"Mr. Kent has been a touchstone of good taste to a generation of artists, he knows and understands the best of the old and has inspired the best of the new. He added a touch to the printing of an art museum, and it became itself an accompanying art; books of the Press have been models for many. He has stood for a broad interpretation of a museum's functions, and its exhibits have reached designers and craftsmen in the midst of trade fairs, its bulletins and handbooks have increased the circle of art's influence.

"Though his interests have included all arts (he has even collected meeting houses) he has had the deepest influence on typography. He was a friend and admirer of DeVinne, helping to spread the popular understanding of that great master's ideals for the craft; he worked closely with Gillis on his impeccable publications for the Museum and for the Grolier Club. He was prompt with appreciation for the printing of Updike and Rogers, he gave encouragement and opportunity to Cleland and to Rollins, he has been a guide and inspiration to Silve, to Wood, to Fast, and others. His gifts of understanding have made him a critic who can still remain a friend. He has given sound counsel, discerning appreciation, and treasures of rarest friendship.

"In England such a one has recently been publicly honored by the bestowal of knighthood on Emery Walker, in our country equal appreciation is the due of Henry Watson Kent, who, as reads the inscription on this Gold Medal of the Institute, 'has had a life-long influence on the graphic arts.'"

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Auction Sales Calendar

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. February 22nd: Americana, printed and in manuscript. Among the more important items were: Benjamin Banneker's Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia Almanac for 1792; the four Boston Massacre orations delivered 1773, 1774, 1775, and 1776 by Benjamin Church, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, and Peter Thatcher; a large collection of broadsides ranging in date from 1785 to 1821; General Burgoyne "A State of the Expedition from Canada," London, 1780; Marquis de Chastellux "Voyage en Amérique," 1785; a copy in the original blue wrappers, uncut, of the first French translation of the Constitution of the United States, 1783; William Gordon "History of the Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the Independence of the United States," London, 1788, very rare in the original boards; Isaac Grey "Serious Address to such of the people called Quakers," Philadelphia, 1778,

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R. Bell; Gilbert Imlay "Topographical description of the Western Territory of North America," London, 1792; Washington Irving "Biography of James Lawrence, Esq.," New Brunswick, 1813; and his "History of New York from the beginning of the world," New York, 1809; "The Independent Reflector," numbers 1 to 52 inclusive, 1752—1753; Edgar A. Poe "Mesmerism 'in Articulo Mortes'," London, 1846; "Remarks on the travels of the Marquis de Chastellux in North America," London, 1787; [William Smith] "Historical account of the expedition against the Ohio Indians, in the Year 1764," London, 1766; a long letter from Dickens to W. H. Prescott; two from Washington Irving to the same man; an autograph letter of four pages from William Penn to his son; an autograph survey signed "G. Washington," and a letter of two pages from Washington to Henjamin Grimes.

Sotheby and Company, London. March 3rd: Printed Books and a few Manuscripts chiefly of the XVII and XVIII centuries, selected from the Library of Lulworth Castle, removed in consequence of the fire, the property of Mrs. Alfred Noyes. These include historical works and books of travel, Americana, English literature, and some fine early seventeenth century flower paintings on vellum. The more important books are: a sound and perfect copy of Wynkyn de Worde's "Chastising of God's Children," Westminster, c.1492; Sir William Davenant's "Gondibert: an heroick poem," London, 1651, a presentation copy from the author; a hitherto unrecorded Book of Hours for the English Use, printed at Rouen in 1520; John Locke's "Essay concerning Human Understanding," London, 1690; several first editions of Alexander Pope's poems; Adam Smith "An Inquiry into the nature and causes of the wealth of Nations," 1776; and a large group of musical works. G.M.T.

Jake Zeitlin, 705½ West 6th Street, Los Angeles, California. A Selection of Beautiful Books together with a few reference works. As the introductory note points out, "The title to this catalogue dictated itself. This age is great in many ways, and certainly one field in which it is equalling and excelling the achievements of past ages is in the art of printing." "In selecting the books for this catalogue," it continues, "we have had in mind the fact that good printing is not confined to the limited edition book, and our object has been twofold: First, to present a list of what we believe to be among the finest examples of modern bookmaking, in so far as our stock permitted. Second, to offer books meeting this demand, and yet within a price range making them accessible to all lovers of beautiful books." This is an ideal that is reasonably carried out—the notes prepared by Miss Marjorie Butler are extremely good, and the books themselves are, for any one who remains faithful to the collecting of private press books regardless of the subject-matter, more out of the ordinary than usual. G. M. T.

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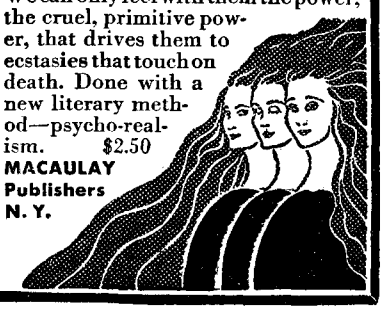

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JOHN DEWEY'S TRIBUTE	161
CIRCULAR OR CATALOGUE	156
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LISTING AS BEST-SELLER	56

From these infinitely revealing and welcome green cards *The Inner Sanctum* has learned much, especially the cardinal fact that there is usually *no one single reason* for the purchase of a given book, but rather a highly variable composite of factors, sometimes including as many as four or five contributing reasons, with one dominating cause as the match to set off the flame of desire.

The tribute by JOHN DEWEY, although credited in this summary with only 161 votes, was actually responsible for many of the other factors, since it inspired many of the reviews and vitalized much of the advertising by virtue of its distinguished and scholarly sponsorship.

The Art of Thinking was published in the Fall of 1928 and in this month of February, 1930, it is still reported by retailers and the Baker and Taylor Company [wholesalers covering the entire country] as holding first place in the non-fiction best-seller list.

—ESSANDESS.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

HOORAY! We seem to have escaped catastrophe. For, of course, we expected to be involved in the explosion when Putnam's down the street was blown up by a Fascist bomb. And, indeed, perhaps we should have been had the bomb ever been more than a threat. It was, you know, to have been set off on the day when *Francesco Nitti's* "Escape" was published to prevent the revelations of that book concerning the experiences of the author when an exile in the Liparian Islands, Mussolini's counterpart of Siberia. But Putnam's (and we with it) has survived to see one of its latest volumes, *Martin Johnson's* "Lion," put into Braille for blind readers. . . .

Lions remind us of the jungle, and the jungle reminds us of the wilderness, and the wilderness naturally reminds us of a lodge, and the lodge puts us in mind of *Isabel Paterson.* That's the way one thing leads to another. You don't see why a lodge leads to Isabel Paterson? Oh, just by way of contrariety. Because a lodge in a vast wilderness evokes a picture of its opposite, and Pat says that when she retires she intends to have a small house in a garden, there to read, and read, and read. In the meanwhile she's furnishing reading matter for others, having recently seen her new novel through the press of Liveright's. It's called "The Road of the Gods," and it's a tale of the pre-Christian era, with the forests of Thuringia for a background, and primitive gods, and a sacred clan, and youth and love awaiting the dawn of a new order to lend romance to its story. Anyone who knows Mrs. Paterson's work in the past will realize that this promises to be a tale that hews straight to its furrow, that has spirit, and dash, and firmness, and that can be trusted to hold the interest. . . .

What we suppose might be called the literary event of the week has now taken place. *Thornton Wilder's* long-awaited novel, "The Woman of Andros," has this very moment been published. It is, like "The Cabala" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," a brief book, hardly more than a long short story, and like them it is beautifully written. Each phrase is carefully chiselled, and the tale as a whole has proportion, balance, and restraint. But, and we think it is not because it is a Greek story taken over orginally by *Terence,* and now again transformed by Mr. Wilder, it seems to us somewhat artificial and rather bloodless. Nor does its philosophy, which reduced to the lowest terms is the belief that life can be endured by virtue of certain golden episodes in it, seem to us at all original. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilder is an author all should read if only to see how beautifully disciplined his writing is. . . .

Ha, ha, ha! Excuse it, please. The laughter, we mean. We really can't help it. Here is Little, Brown writing us that few Americans are acquainted with *John o'London's Weekly.* And mighty good fortune for us that they're not, say we. For haven't we now this many a year been drawing at least half of those fillers that end off the bottom of our columns with such spicy bits of information from that very British journal? And if Americans read it wouldn't they have known it and found our news stale? Ha, ha, ha! That's one on Little, Brown, and one on the public. Heaven forfend that it's one on ourselves. . . .

No, we don't know whether we are amused now or annoyed. All we do know is that we are not in agreement with Mr. *Christopher Hollis* when he says of *Lincoln* in his "The American Heresy," which Minton, Balch is shortly to publish, "if God had not made him, *Charles Dickens* must certainly have done so. Lincoln with his preposterous hat, his uncouth form, his long, lanky, ill-fitting suit, his irrepressible conversation, looking, as was once said like 'a country farmer riding into town wearing his Sunday clothes'—he is of the flesh of Samuel Weller and Mr. Micawber, and at the last he will be found not at Gettysburg nor the White House nor even Springfield, but at the enormous inn at the world's end, where all the company of Pickwick forever meets and tells unending stories till the death of time." Now, that's what we, a confirmed *Dickensian* only too inclined to find the prototypes for persons in real life in the vast gallery of Dickens characters, call plain blah. Lincoln is no more of the flesh of Micawber or of Sam Weller because he was uncouth in dress and deliberately droll on occasions, or because he told a humorous story, than we are of that of Confucius because we occasionally wonder what the world's all about. Micawber was a humorous figure because of absurdities of mental make-up and character; Lincoln, though his person and garb may have been laughter-provoking, was a humorous figure only superficially. A ship isn't a woman, though it's a she. No, we can't swallow it. . . .

My, but we seem to be belligerent. By way of variety from our own petulance we'll quote you a verse or two of a poem on *Oliver La Farge's* "Laughing Boy" which *Punch* recently published and which Houghton Mifflin has sent us on one of those neat publicity sheets headed "Book News—That Is News." Here they are:

Gentles, hush; my Muse enlarges
On a tragedy of joy—
Mr. Oliver La Farge's
Redskin novel, "Laughing Boy":
Constable has made the issue,
Happy-starred, I think, because
It's as excellent a tissue
Of Romance as ever was.

. . .

Here's a book with flying banners,
Here's a story, quite the best,
Of the red man and his manners
In the regions of the West;
And, although no fortune-teller,
I am more than half inclined
To predict that here's a seller
Of a not uncertain kind.

Handsome, we call it. Incidentally, we were much interested as we sat over the oysters and capon cutlet the other day to hear Mr. La Farge's accounts of the cooking in Guatemala and to listen to his recital of the proper way to win the confidence of Indians. Slow does it, it appears. . . .

While we are on the subject of authors whose conversation we've enjoyed recently at luncheon we might as well state that despite the fact that the world at large insists on thinking that Manuel Komroff is a Russian, he isn't. "He might have been a Roosian," as Gilbert would have had it, but he just isn't, because though his father and mother were born in the empire of the Czars they came to America years before he saw the light. As a matter of fact the author of "Coronet" (a good yarn, gentles) was born in New York, went to Yale, was a moving picture critic for *Wid's,* and an editorial writer for the *Daily Garment News.* His favorite word in casual conversation is that good, racy American expression, "bologny." That last fact his publishers Coward-McCann vouch for, and they confide, too, that once when life and Yale got too much for him, he ran off and went to Russia, worked on the *Russian Daily News,* and acquired a working vocabulary of pidgin Russian. "But otherwise he's American—but not 100 percent, thank Heaven," they piously ejaculate. Russian or American, he's written a good tale. . . .

And now the Australians are coming to the fore. We're just been dipping into a book which Mr. *W. W. Norton* has sent us entitled "Coonardoo," by *Katharine Susannah Prichard.* It won a prize in its native country when published there, and the correctness of its anthropology is vouched for by the Chief Inspector of Aborigines for West Australia. But don't let us put you off with this statement. "Coonardoo" is no ethnological study, but a novel which from the little of it that we have so far read is full of a rich, exotic interest. The background of tropic Northwest-Africa, the little native girl growing to early wifehood and motherhood, the Englishwoman ruling her dependents with no uncertain hand but preserving the Anglo-Saxon's outlook towards morals if not toward manners, her son and his wife so ill-fitted for the life into which she is plunged—here are the elements of a fascinating tale. . . .

The *Phoenician,* the errant and erring Phoenician, never sent us that letter we were talking about last week. Or else *O'Reilly* ate it. Well, here's still hoping.

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Katharine Susannah Prichard Wins Sydney Bulletin's Award

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 786*)

PRINCE OF THE PALE MOUNTAINS. By ANNE D. KYLE. Illustrated by MAGINAL WRIGHT BOWAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.

This is a story of the present day, set in a romantic Italian background. The action takes place among the mountains of the Italian Tyrol and centers about a runaway little boy. Its characters are chiefly peasant folk and gypsies, but an American girl and her father become involved in the mystery and finally provide the link in its unravelling.

Miss Kyle's solutions are disturbingly abrupt and melodramatic and make one suspect she writes to a formula, but this story carries much more conviction than her "Crusader's Gold," and it is not simply because she is on more familiar ground. Though it recalls the precedent of such a work as "Sans Famille," "Prince of the Pale Mountains" has its own character. The eerie, half fairy note the author strikes at the beginning is effectively reechoed by the sinister figure of Laurin, while Walter Romany is a delightfully whimsical person. Both description and dialogue have a sprightliness which is not merely backneyed.

JACK-KNIFE COOKERY. By JAMES AUSTIN WILDER. Dutton. 1929. $2.

There is no longer good reason to starve on a desert island, in the North Woods, or on a picnic, provided you have your trusty jack-knife with you. James Austin Wilder has written and illustrated away all the old fables, made a piker out of Robinson Crusoe with his kitchen utensils, and footnoted his way to culinary immortality in his book on such campfire delicacies as kabobs and twisters, bubbles, bannock, and chupatties.

"Sunny Jim" Wilder is not only an authority on eating *à la* jack-knife (not with it), but also a camper, sailor, boy leader, and outdoor man extraordinary. He has lived and cooked from Borneo to Baffin Land, from China to Capri. And he's left practically none of his experiences out of his book.

It reads like a campfire yarn, this book. There are as many good stories about Hawaii and Guam and Alaska and other places where one can still worry a bit about where the next meal is coming from, as there are good recipes to overcome the worry. And it's jammed with tips on everything from starting a fire to making succulent beef stew out of a piece of string, two boards, and a kerosene can.

"THE 17." By EDWIN C. WASHBURN. Washburn. 1929.

This is a tale of the building of the Northwest and the part the railroads played in that development. When the story opens, about 1880, the 17, the heroine of the tale, is in the Baldwin shops, nearly completed. From there she journeys west to her own road, the M. S. Ste. M. and A. On the road she hears from older engines, fascinating tales of railroading before and during the Civil War. She learns that engines have many kinds of personality. Some are self-confident, reliable, and steady; others are mean and contrary, or temperamental. When they meet, these engines of varying personalities discuss the problems of their roads, and their own reactions to the situations in which they find themselves. This makes an interesting story of the growth and development of a large part of our country, told in a way to hold the attention of young readers.

In the beginning the story drags, and is somewhat difficult to read by one not particularly interested in railroads; but after a few chapters the book becomes more entertaining, and the interest mounts steadily to the end. Most boys will want to reread it. It is amply illustrated by pictures of historic interest and engines.

PRINCE BANTAM. By *May McNeer* and *Lynd Ward*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CAVE. By *Edward H. Thompson*. Marshall Jones. $2.

THE STORY OF PIERRE PONS. By *Francis de Miomandre*. Illustrated by *P. Guignebault*. Dutton. $2.50.

Loeb Classics

LOEB CLASSICS: Philo, translated by *F. H. Colson* and *G. H. Whitaker*, 2 vols. The Characters of Theophrastus, edited and translated by *J. M. Edmonds*. Cicero's Letters to His Friends, translated by *W. Glynn Williams*, vol. III. Isocrates, translated by *George Norlin*, vol. II. Athenæms's "The Deipnosophists," translated by *Charles Burton Gulick*, vol. III. The Geography of Strabo, translated by *Horace Leonard Jones*, vol. VI. Putnam. $2.50 each.

LOEB CLASSICS: OVID, translated by *J. H. Mozley*. LIVY, V., translated by *B. O. Foster*. FLOEUS, *Cornelius Nepp*, translated by *E. S. Foster* and *J. C. Rolfe*. PLATO, Vol. VII, translated by *R. G. Bury*. HISTORY OF ALEXANDER AND INDICA, by *E. Hiff Rokon*. THE PHYSICO, by *Aristotle*, translated by *P. Wickstead* and *R. M. Cornford*. Putnam. $2.50 each.

Miscellaneous

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GREAT ONES OF ANCIENT EGYPT. Portraits by *Winifred Brunton*. Scribner's. $10.

STABLE AND SADDLE. By *Lt.-Col. M. F. McTaggert*. Scribner's. $5.

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THE RACQUET GAME. By *Allison Danzig*. Macmillan. $4.

SEFER HA—'IKKARIM. By *Joseph Albo*. Edited by *Isaac Husik*. Jewish Publication Society.

PORNOGRAPHY AND OBSCENITY. By *D. H. Lawrence*. Knopf. $1.

THE AMERICAN HERESY. By *Christopher Hollis*. Minton, Balch. $3.50.

WHERE FIRE INSURANCE LEAVES OFF. By *Clarence I. Hubbard*. Crofts.

TRADITIONAL METHODS OF PATTERN DESIGNING. By *Archibold H. Christie*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

HARTMANN'S INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM. Jamaica: Occult Press. $1.

MONEY. By *Hartley Withers*. Cape & Smith.

COSTUME THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By *Mary Evans*. Lippincott. $3.50.

THE HOUSE OF THE SOUL. By *Evelyn Underhill*. Dutton. $1.

LETTERS FROM ETERNITY. Edited by *Herman Behr*. New York: Behr.

FAMOUS SPEECHES. By *Eminent American Statesmen*. Collected and edited by *Frederick C. Hicks*. St. Paul: West.

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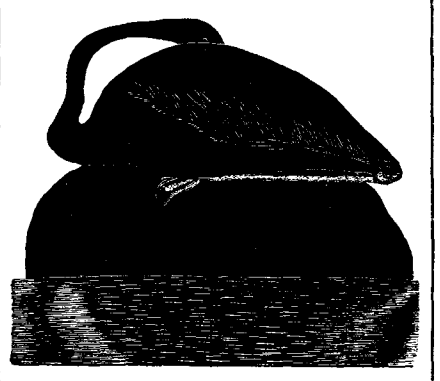

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